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The Glory of God is Intelligence.

THE CONTRIBUTOR

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REPRESENTS

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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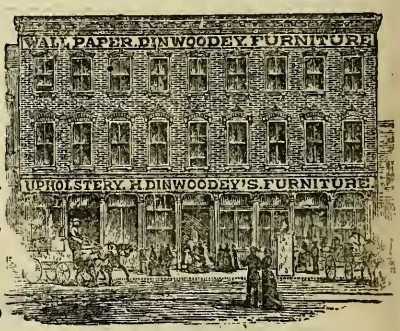

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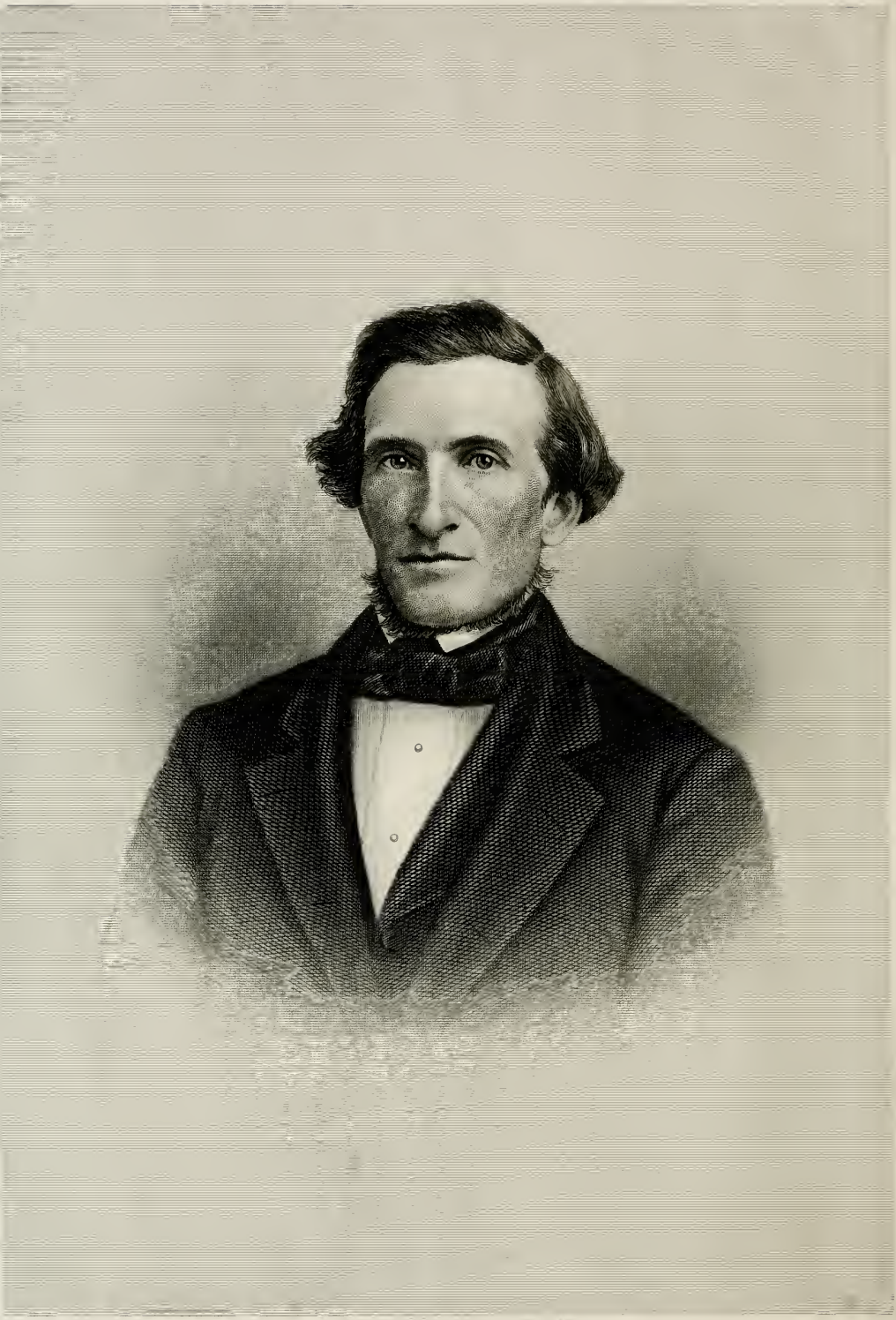

J. M. Grant

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

The Glory of God is Intelligence.

VOL. IV. APRIL, 1883. NO. 7.

JEDEDIAH M. GRANT.

I.

THE lives of many of the prominent Elders of Israel are remarkable for their large experience and the maturity they attained in their youth. Joseph Smith, the Prophet of God, brought forth the fulness of the Gospel, organized the Church, revealed every principle essential to its perpetuation on earth and the salvation of the human family, preached the truth to thousands and prepared the way for it to reach all nations, administered the sacred ordinances of the house of the Lord, and entered into the practice of every principal he revealed, before he was thirty-nine years of age. He received his first vision when he was fourteen, and in less than twenty-five years after sealed the wonderful testimony of his brief life with the blood of a martyr. The hard struggle of his associates to establish the work of the Lord upon the earth was made before they, as a rule, had passed the meridian of life. Their active labors in the ministry, in receiving and spreading the principles of the Gospel to the people, caused them to grow rapidly in the knowledge of the truth and gave them wonderful life-lessons to develop the ability they were endowed with and cause them to become men of character, before they had hardly passed the portals of boyhood. Notably, in this respect, we remember the career of President George A. Smith, who was a preacher of the Gospel at seventeen and one of the Twelve Apostles at twenty-one.

Scarcely less remarkable is the rapid growth and development of President Jedediah M. Grant, the subject of this sketch. It is said of him, by those who remember him well and were most familiar with his life and ministry, that he ever impressed those who knew him with the maturity of his judgment, the thoroughness of his discipline, as related to his own culture and occupations, and the perfection he had reached in the application of the principles of eternal life. It is often said of him that he lived the Gospel so perfectly himself, and taught it so plainly to others, that it was impossible for him to remain longer in the flesh; that like certain holy men of old his great faith, the fruits of a Godly life, made it impossible to longer withhold his redemption. The progress he made in securing an education in the things of eternity—his life's greatest desire and aim—was very directly spoken of at his funeral in the remarks of President Brigham Young, who said: "Some people would have to live to be a hundred years of age to be as ripe in the things of God as was Brother Grant; as was the spirit which lately inhabited this deserted earthly tabernacle. There are but few that can ripen for the glory, the immortality that is prepared for the faithful; for receiving all that was purchased for them by the Son of God, but very few can receive what Brother Grant has received in his life time. He has been in the Church upwards of twenty-four years, and was a man that would live, comparatively speaking, a hundred years in that time. The storehouse that was prepared in him to receive the truth

was capable of receiving as much in twenty-five years as most of men can in one hundred." His career, which it is the purpose of this sketch to portray, so far as the very meagre record of it has been made and is accessible to us, fully sustains the observations quoted, and reveals a sublime character, one of the noblest of the earth, engaged in the highest and worthiest labor that such can be called unto. But before passing on to the events of his life we would direct attention to his portrait, which has been obtained at great expense, and appears as the frontispiece to this number of the Magazine. It is engraved from a daguerreotype in possession of the family, and is said to be a great improvement upon the original. It exhibits Brother Grant in the full vigor and power of manhood. The face is one of great force and distinguished appearance. In this respect, however, those who knew him say no picture could do him justice. His figure was tall and graceful, and his address pleasant. He is said to have been always smiling when he was not angry; his anger, no man would care to meet.

Jedediah Morgan Grant was the son of Joshua and Thalia Grant, and was born in Windsor, Broome County, New York, February 21, 1816. We have been unable to procure definite intelligence of his childhood and education, but the foundation for mental pursuits and the love of books and study was evidently laid at that early period of life, before he appeared as a candidate for baptism in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was baptized by Elder John F. Boyington, afterwards one of the Apostles, on the 21st of March, 1833. In the spring of the following year, when he was eighteen years of age, he accompanied "Zion's Camp" in the wonderful march to Missouri, "and in the fatigues, privations, trying scenes and arduous labors endured by that handful of valiant men exhibited a goodly portion, for one so young, of that integrity, zeal, and unwavering effort and constancy in behalf of the cause of truth, that invariably characterized his life." The experience the young men of this expedition obtained, on this memorable journey, was such as few ever pass through in life. While the history of Zion's Camp has not been written, and, like the history of our people in general, never will be in its fulness, enough is known to show that every man, who carried himself faithfully, without murmuring, through the dangers, diseases and difficulties of that most trying period, was a hero of the first quality and had laid foundation stones of life on which he could forever build.

On returning to Kirtland Brother Grant was ordained an Elder and appointed, in connection with Elder Harvey Stanley, to his first preaching mission. They started May 22, 1835, and spent the summer in the labors of the ministry, preaching and baptizing converts. In the winter of 1835-6 Brother Grant assisted in the labors upon the Kirtland Temple, where he received the blessings of the house of the Lord. He was appointed to a mission in the east, but participated, before leaving the Temple, in the great manifestations of the power and glory of God, which characterized the labors there from the time of its dedication, March 27, 1836, until the Elders, who were then called to go on missions, departed for their fields of labor. He was among that happy number who received from the lips of the prophet so much valuable counsel and instruction relating to the duties of the priesthood, and the following admonition, which has served as a guide to faithful and wise missionaries ever since. The ordinance of washing of feet had been attended to, when the Prophet spoke, saying: "That the time we were required to tarry in Kirtland to be endowed, would be fulfilled in a few days and then the Elders would go forth and each must stand for himself, as it was not necessary for them to be sent out two by two, as in former times, but to go in all meekness, in sobriety, and preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified; not to contend with others on account of their faith or systems of religion, but to pursue a steady course. This I delivered by way of

commandment, and all who observe it not will pull down persecution upon their heads, while those who do shall always be filled with the Holy Ghost; this I pronounced as a prophecy and sealed it with hosanna and amen."

On the 13th of April, 1836, Brother Grant started upon his mission, going to New York State, where he preached a great deal in many places and raised up a branch of the Church at Fallsburg, baptizing twenty-three persons, among them his brother Austin. He returned to Kirtland on the 6th of March, 1837, and remained until the sixth of the following June when he commenced a missionary tour to the south—the field in which his greatest missionary labors and achievements were accomplished. He passed through the States of Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, etc., and reached North Carolina, where he labored assiduously, proclaiming the Gospel in court houses, chapels and other places of assembly as frequently as circumstances permitted. He became extensively known and acquired considerable fame, as an adroit scriptorian and debater, in certain discussions held with Methodist divines whom he never feared nor declined to meet. His uniform success in overthrowing their sophistry and false theology by the forcible and conclusive way he presented the truth, won many friends and some converts. On the conclusion of this mission he returned to Kirtland and made preparations for final removal to Missouri. Starting October 9, 1838, he arrived at Far West on the 12th of November. He called at this time at Richmond jail to see his brother George D. Grant, to whom he had previously first presented the Gospel, and who was then imprisoned with the prophet and others on account of their religious faith. Brother Grant passed through the trials of the expulsion from Missouri, being driven, with his father's family from Far West to Illinois; they located in Knox County where he remained several months preaching and baptizing.

On the 12th of May, 1839, he made a trip to the site of the beautiful City of Joseph (Nauvoo) but hastened to Quincy to attend a conference held there on the 1st of June, at which time he was called on a mission to Virginia and North Carolina. This was the signal for opening the Southern States mission in earnest. With the Elders associated with him, among them his brother Joshua, an extensive field was at once occupied, meetings were held in all available places, baptisms were quite numerous and several large branches were organized. At Burks Garden, Tazewell County, Virginia, where Brother Grant made headquarters, a branch of more than sixty members soon sprang up and great interest excited by the populace in the labors of the traveling and local priesthood. Brother Grant's name was everywhere spoken of; his ready speech, logical argument, fearless and daring denunciation of sin, powerful exhortations to repentance and testimony of the restoration of the Gospel were taken up by rich and poor, high and low, and commented upon. They won many converts and left impressions on many others which are fresh in their memories even to the present time. Many very interesting episodes marked this active, incessantly laborious period of his life. Among others one which led to a painful and disagreeable accident, resulting in breaking the bones of his nose. The Saints still living in that region remember the striking peculiarities of his ministry and events which made it so successful, that every returning Elder laboring there in late years brings with him many anecdotes, by the frequent repeating of which Elder Grant's memory is kept sacred to them and passed down to their children. Among these we present two that Elder T. B. Lewis very graphically tells in the "String of Pearls:"

"In the early part of President Grant's ministry in that country, he gained quite a reputation as a ready speaker, frequently responding to invitations to preach from such subjects or texts as might be selected at the time of commencing his sermon, by those inviting him. In time it became a matter of wonder with many as to how and when

he prepared his wonderful sermons. In reply to their queries he informed them he *never* prepared his sermons as other ministers did. He said, 'Of course, I read and store my mind with a knowledge of Gospel truths, but I never study up a sermon.' Well, they did not believe he told the truth, for, as they thought, it was impossible for a man to preach such sermons without careful preparation. So, in order to prove it, a number of persons decided to put him to the test, and asked him if he would preach at a certain time and place, and from a text selected by them. They proposed to give him the text on his arrival at the place of meeting, thus giving him no time to prepare. To gratify them, he consented. The place selected was Jeffersonville, the seat of Tazewell County, at that time the home of the late John B. Floyd, who subsequently became Secretary of War, and many other prominent men. The room chosen was in the court house. At the hour appointed the house was packed to its utmost capacity. Mr. Floyd and a number of lawyers and ministers were present and occupied front seats.

"Elder Grant came in, walked to the stand and opened the meeting as usual. At the close of the second hymn, a clerk, appointed for the occasion, stepped forward and handed a paper (the text), to Elder Grant, who unfolded it and found it to be blank. Without any mark of surprise, he held the paper up before the audience, and said: 'My friends, I am here to-day according to agreement, to preach from such a text as these gentlemen might select for me. I have it here in my hand. I don't wish you to become offended at me, for I am under promise to preach from the text selected; and if any one is to blame, you must blame those who selected it. I knew nothing of what text they would choose, but of all texts this is my favorite one.'

"'You see the paper is blank,' (at the same time holding it up to view.) 'You sectarians down there believe that out of nothing God created all things, and now you wish me to create a sermon from nothing, for this paper is blank. Now, you sectarians believe in a God that has neither body, parts nor passions. Such a God I conceive to be a perfect blank, just as you find my text is. You believe in a church without prophets, apostles, evangelists, etc. Such a church would be a perfect blank, as compared with the church of Christ, and this agrees with my text. You have located your heaven beyond the bounds of time and space. It exists nowhere, and consequently your heaven is blank, like unto my text.'

"Thus he went on until he had torn to pieces all the tenets of faith professed by his hearers, and then proclaimed the principles of the Gospel in great power. He wound up by asking, 'Have I stuck to the text, and does that satisfy you?'

"As soon as he sat down Mr. Floyd jumped up and said: 'Mr. Grant, if you are not a lawyer you ought to be one.' Then, turning to the people, he added: 'Gentlemen, you have listened to a wonderful discourse, and with amazement. Now, take a look at Mr. Grant's clothes. Look at his coat; his elbows are almost out; and his knees are almost through his pants. Let us take up a collection.' As he sat down another eminent lawyer Joseph Stras, Esq., still living in Jeffersonville, arose and said: 'I am good for one sleeve in a coat and one leg in a pair of pants, for Mr. Grant.'

"The presiding elder of the M. E. church, South, was requested to pass the hat around, but replied that he would not take up a collection for a 'Mormon' preacher. 'Yes you will!' said Mr. Floyd. 'Pass it around!' said Mr. Stras, and the cry was taken up and repeated by the audience, until, for the sake of peace, the minister had to yield. He accordingly marched around with a hat in his hand, receiving contributions, which resulted in a collection sufficient to purchase a fine suit of clothes, a horse, saddle and bridle for Brother Grant, and not one contributor a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, though some joined subsequently. And this from a sermon produced from a blank text.

"At another time, Elder Grant was

challenged by a very eminent Baptist preacher, named Baldwin, to a discussion. Brother Grant consented. The place chosen was the fine, large church of his proud and imperious antagonist. Mr. Baldwin was described to me, as a man, overbearing in his manner—a regular browbeater. When the time came for the discussion, the house was densely crowded. Umpires were chosen, and everything was ready to proceed, when Brother Grant arose and said: 'Mr. Baldwin, I would like to ask you a question before we proceed any farther.' 'Certainly so,' said Baldwin. 'Who stands at the head of your church in south-west Virginia?' Mr. Baldwin very quickly and austerely replied, 'I do, sir; I do.' 'All right,' said Brother Grant; 'I wished to know that I had a worthy foe.' Mr. Baldwin looked a little confused for a moment, and then said: 'Mr. Grant, I would like to ask you, who stands at the head of *your* Church in south-west Virginia?' Brother Grant arose and with bowed head replied, 'Jesus Christ, sir.'

"The shock was electrical. This inspired answer completely disarmed the proud foe, and the humble servant of God again came off victor."

ETERNAL DURATION OF MATTER.

VII.

This second advent of Messiah, and the grand events connected with it, is a theme which all the prophets and apostles have dwelt on more fully in their writings than they have on any other subject whatever. If I would quote proofs on this subject, I might begin with Enoch the seventh from Adam, who exclaims, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints," etc. and end with the revelation of Jesus Christ to his servant John, "Behold! he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him; and they also which pierced him, and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." This glorious advent of the Messiah was the comfort of Job in his extreme afflictions; he could lift up his sorrowful eyes from the midst of sackcloth and ashes, and exclaim: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he will stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," etc. This was the solace of Daniel in his captivity. He could exclaim, "I saw in the night, visions, and behold, one like the son of man came with the clouds of heaven," etc. This same theme often inspired Isaiah, and David, with an ecstacy of admiration and delight, and caused them to pour forth their sweetest strains, —their sublimest effusions of poetic inspiration; and this same subject seems interwoven with almost every page of the New Testament writings. Indeed it formed a kind of centre, or rallying point, around which hovered all the hopes, joys, anticipations and comforts of the former day saints. In bonds or imprisonments, in persecutions and afflictions, in tortures or in flames; they could look forward to the coming of the Lord in joyful anticipation of a resurrection and reward.

It is this glorious advent of the Messiah, and the great restitution connected with it which has ever formed the hope of the Jews; on this one point hangs the destiny of that long dispersed nation, in their final restoration to the favor of God, and to the land of their fathers, and to their beloved city Jerusalem.

This advent is what Paul had allusion to in his writings to the Romans where he said, "As it is written there shall come out of Zion a deliverer, who shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." This second advent, is what Peter meant when he said to the Jews, "And he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you, whom the heavens must receive until the times of restitution," etc. (Acts iii.) It seems evident then, that Jesus Christ is to come again at the time of restitution; at which

time a trump shall sound, at the voice of which the graves of the saints will be opened, and they arise from the dead, and are caught up together with those who are alive and remain to meet the Lord in the air.

In the mean time the earth will be terribly convulsed; the mountains will sink, the valleys rise, the rough places become smooth; while a fire will pass over the surface of the earth, and consume the proud and all that do wickedly, as the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed in the days of Abraham: and thus after the earth is cleansed by fire, from all its wicked inhabitants, as it once was by water, and after its mighty convulsions have restored it to its former shape and surface, it becomes a fit residence for Jesus Christ and his saints. The Jews behold their long —long expected Messiah, and come to the knowledge that he is that Jesus whom their fathers crucified; they are cleansed from their sins through his most precious blood; their holy city Jerusalem becomes a place of holiness indeed, and a seat of government; where will be the tabernacle and throne of Messiah; and where the nations of them that are saved will resort from year to year, from all the adjoining countries to worship the king, the Lord of hosts; and to keep the feast of tabernacles: and thus, there will be one Lord, and his name one: and he will be king over all the earth. "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." This promise made by the Savior while on the mount, will then be fulfilled. Psalm xxxvii, and Ezekial xxxvii.

The curses that came upon the earth by reason of sin will then be taken off. It will no longer bring forth thorns and thistles, but its productions will be as they were before the fall. The barren deserts will become fruitful, the thirsty land will abound in springs of water, men will then plant gardens and eat the fruit of them, they will plant vineyards and drink the wine of them, they will build houses and cities, and inhabit them, and the Lord's elect will long enjoy the work of their hands. All the earth will then be at rest under one sovereign. Swords will then be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and the nations shall learn war no more. The very beasts of prey will then lose their thirst for blood, and their enmity will cease. The lion will eat herbs instead of preying upon flesh, and all the animal creation will become perfectly harmless as they were in the beginning, while perfect peace will cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea; while all the ancient prophets, apostles, saints and martyrs with all our friends who have fallen asleep in Jesus will be on earth, with their glorified, immortal bodies, to sing the song of victory, and to praise the great Messiah who reigns in the midst of his people. O reader, this is the first resurrection! "Blessed and holy is he that has part in the first resurrection."

O reader, this is the great sabbath of creation; the thousand years of rest and peace; the long expected Millennium! Wouldst thou live in the flesh, and have part in it? wouldst thou again enjoy the society of thy friends who were so near and dear to thy heart in this life? wouldst thou inherit the earth, and be free forever from the grave? Remember—remember, that meekness and holiness of life are the conditions. That it is the meek only who then inherit the earth. That it is the saints only who then possess the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven. In this delightful sabbath of creation, earth and its inhabitants will rest one thousand years from all the pains, and woes, and sorrows they have undergone during six thousand years of labor, toil and suffering.

After this thousand years is ended, the last resurrection will soon come, together with the judgment day. These grand events will be ushered in by the sounding of the last trump, which will call forth the wicked from their long confinement in the grave, and they will be judged according to their works, and will then depart from the presence of the Lord to the place appointed for them. At that time the heavens and

earth will undergo their last and final change. They die, and rise from the dead; or, in other words, the elements are changed from their temporal to their eternal state; being renewed, purified and brought to the highest state of perfection and refinement which it is possible for them to receive.

The earth being thus renewed and purified, is no more to be changed or shaken. It will then roll its eternal rounds amidst the unnumbered systems of the universe; being clothed with celestial glory, and inhabited by immortal and celestial beings who were redeemed from sin and raised from the dead by the blood of Jesus Christ and the power of his resurrection, and who are clothed in white raiment with crowns upon their heads in glory; being kings and priests unto God and to the Lamb with whom they reign on earth forever and ever; for there will be the holy city, New Jerusalem, the place of his throne; and his tabernacle will be with man, and he will dwell with them and be their God; and he will wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there will be no more death, neither sorrow nor groaning; neither shall there be any more pain, for the old order of things will have passed away and all things will have become new.

Reader, wouldst thou leave thy native earth, and soar away to worlds on high, and be at rest? Thou mayest do so until the great restitution of all things spoken by the prophets; for Christ and the saints have gone to worlds on high, and have entered in before thee. But remember, that in the worlds on high thy stay is short. Jesus and the saints are only there to await the full time for earth to be cleansed and prepared for their reception, and they will all come home again to their native planet; and even while they are in heaven and absent from the earth, they look forward with joyful anticipation to the time of their return to the place of their nativity. The joyful theme of reigning on the earth inspires the music of their heavenly song; for proof of this, the reader is referred to Rev. v: 9, 10, he there records a song which he heard sung by the hosts of heaven, which closes with the following words, "We shall reign on the earth."

If man would enjoy a heaven beyond the bounds of space peopled by spirits: if he would desire to be forever free from earth, and absent from the body of his flesh, and from his native planet, he will be under the necessity of embracing the doctrines of the Alcoran, or some of the fables of the heathen mythology, where, in the boundless fields of fancy, or amid the romantic wilds of imagination and fanaticism, the mind roams unchecked by reason, and loses itself from all the realities of rational existence; in a land of shadows, a world of phantoms, from which it will only awake in disappointment by the sound of the last trump, and at last find itself constrained to acknowledge that eternity as well as time, is occupied in realities, and by beings of a physical as well as spiritual existence for the inspired writers, one and all have agreed, that the earth is destined for the eternal inheritance of the saints. The sacred volume opens with a paradise on earth, and closes with a paradise on earth. Moses introduces us to a world of beauty, glory, excellence and perfection in the beginning. And John closes the volume by leaving man in possession of an eternal habitation in his immortal body, in the holy city; and upon the very planet that first gave him being; and this is the end of matter. *Parley P. Pratt.*

Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.—*Hamlet.*

It is the duty of a young man to revere his seniors and to select the best and most esteemed of them, on whose advice and authority he may depend, for the inexperience of early youth should be fixed and governed by the experience of age.—*Cicero.*

Job speaks of the price of wisdom being above rubies. A ruby of five carats is double the value of a diamond of that size, and one of ten carats is worth three times as much as a diamond of corresponding size. A perfect ruby is the rarest of all stones.

THE SEASONS.

How sweet 'tis in springtime for beauty to entwine
A garland or wreath from the flowers of the soil,
Of the violet and crocus, and others which woke us
In the days of glad childhood to innocent toil.

We loved their bright forms as surrounded by storms,
They peeped through the snow as it melted away;
Ah, they prophesied true that the wind as it blew,
Was a herald announcing the coming of May.

Soon April's warm showers—the hedge-rows, the bowers—
Prepared them a robe of chameleon green,
Then the sweet honey-bee, with the bird in each tree,
Brought the music to welcome the bright summer green.

See, see, she advances, and from their deep trances,
The flowerets awaken of many a hue;
To array mother earth in a garment of mirth,
As they laugh in the sunshine or glisten with dew.

Oh, now, should the heart beat and each coming day greet,
Our Father above with the accents of prayer,
That the blessings around us with which He hath crowned us
May not be our highest ambition or care.

* * * * *

Now all nature rejoices, and ten thousand voices
As summer rolls by is impressed on the ear;
And the fruits of rich store, as each bough bends the more,
On the dial of time marks the flight of the year.

Each soft zephyr brings, and in its course flings
Rich perfume o'er mountain, o'er upland and dell,
From the fields of new hay, and the bean flowers gray,
Or the brier and woodbine which twine o'er the well.

The golden grain waving, as though it were craving
Earth's sons and bright daughters to comfort and bless,
While plenty and gladness drives far away sadness,
Encircling all flesh in its common caress.

Past—the season of reaping, and winter a creeping,
Locks the earth in a crust by its magical spell,
Checks the rivulets flow, brings a mantle of snow
From her storehouse, to throw o'er each nook, hill and dell.

And still should the heart beat and each circling year greet,
Our Father, our God with its love and its praise,
That His favor and smile, e'en in death may beguile,
And provide us a rest at the end of our days.

H. W. Naisbitt.

AN ADVENTURE IN SONORA.

Orrin D. Merrill, son of Dudley D. Merrill, one of the pioneers and early settlers of Cache Valley, is a young man of fine physique, cool judgment and indomitable courage. While exploring portions of the state of Sonora, in the republic of Mexico, during January of the present year, young Merrill related to the writer the interesting and remarkable adventure, an account of which I now give, as nearly as possible in his own language, to the readers of the Contributor. The knowledge which our exploring party of eight persons gained—of the wild, almost uninhabited portions of country traversed by him and his treacherous negro companion, enhanced greatly the interest of his simply told story.

The Santa Cruz Valley and the Cocospera ranch, about which he speaks, have been the scenes, during the past century, of many bloody tragedies. Their inhabitants, save those who found safety within the walls of the old historic city of Santa Cruz, have many times during

the period named, fallen victims to the wily and merciless Apache, who neither gives nor expects quarter. The desolate and abandoned homes, which we saw in the places named, are mournful witnesses of the terrible work of that warlike people. To this day they remain unsubdued, and notwithstanding the efforts of the United States and Mexican governments, they frequently break from the reservations and pillage and kill the defenseless inhabitants of the two republics, committing depredations first in one country and then in the other. In the efforts that have been made to conquer or annihilate them, it is conceded that at least seven white men to one Indian have fallen. During the month spent by our party in Southern Arizona and Northern Mexico, not less than forty people met an untimely end at the hands of Apache raiding parties, in Chihuahua, Sonora and Arizona. I mention these disasters in order to convey to the mind of the reader the nature of the perils with which young Merrill must have been surrounded when tracking, through a country frequently infested by marauding bands, the thieves who had stolen his horses.

He says: Accompanied by Brothers James McRay and S. A. Merrill, I left St. David on the San Pedro River, in Cochise County, Arizona, in February, 1880, in pursuit of thieves who had stolen nine horses. Learning at Fort Huachuca the direction taken by the thieves, we proceeded southwesterly, crossing the divide near the northern base of the Huachuca mountains, we entered the valley leading to the San Rafael ranch, and eight miles beyond which, at La Noria, we entered Sonora, and following the trail continued down the Santa Cruz Valley to San Lazaro, thence south across a low divide into a narrow valley, skirted on either side with rolling ridges, covered with timber and grass, which, continuing ten miles or more, turned east, suddenly, and opened wider, leading us to the Cocospera ranch, where we lost all trace of the thieves. Crossing the high range of mountains eastward to Vacanoche, we again struck the trail and found that the thieves had taken the road leading to the Mexican town Arispe. The horse of S. M. Merrill having given out at Cocospera, he was obliged to discontinue the persuit and return home.

We met a negro at Vaconoche, who could speak Spanish as well as English, and we engaged him to go with us, agreeing to give him a horse and a mule if we captured the thieves, but nothing if we did not. The negro claimed to have seen the robbers pass through Arispe, six days before, with the horses, but on reaching there I could get no information about them, everybody seeming unwilling to answer questions. Finally, after starting away, a young Mexican came after us, saying that he had seen a party pass through the town, and they had sold one of their horses to Antonio Morales. I went to the man and spoke to him in English, which he appeared not to understand. Being questioned in Spanish by the negro, he at first denied having seen the horses, but subsequently owned that he had seen them, and that one was still in his possession. On learning that Brother McRay and I were Mormons, he seemed pleased, and treated us very kindly, giving us some supper, which we were glad to get, for, with the exception of a little parched corn, we had eaten nothing for sixty hours. Gladly accepting the hospitality of Señor Morales, we remained with him over night, and during the next day I succeeded in finding two old horse shoes, which Brother McRay tacked on to the sore feet of my tired horse. It seemed like a hopeless task to go further. We had no money, no provisions, and our horses were almost worn out. Brother McRay was discouraged, and after consultation it was agreed that he should remain at Arispe, while the negro and I would continue the pursuit.

Leaving Arispe an hour before sunset, and while going through a narrow cañon, a heavy storm came on, and we took refuge in a cave to which the negro led me, leading our horses in also. Kindling a fire, and eating a light sup-

per, we laid down to sleep, one on either side of the fire. The storm was howling outside, and I felt glad and thankful for the shelter of the cave. During the journey I often secretly and inwardly asked the Lord to help me and give me success in what I was trying to do, and this night I felt particularly anxious to have the protection and blessings of the Lord. With these feelings, I fell asleep. About midnight, I was suddenly awakened by a bad dream, the horror of which came near being realized, for as I awoke I saw, by the dim light of the still burning fire, the negro, bending over me, pistol in hand, and his eyes glaring like coals. He intended to kill me in my sleep, but the dream awoke me and saved my life. Rising quickly, I asked him what he was doing. He replied, saying he thought the blankets were on fire, but the blankets were not on fire. I then said, "Look here, Frank, I know you would like to get away with these horses, but if you ever make another such move as you have just made, I will kill you on the spot." The remainder of the night was sleepless for me, but the negro made no more suspicious movements.

The next morning we continued the pursuit and followed the rough and rocky trail for two days more, inquiring, wherever we could find anyone to inquire of, about the horses, but all the time keeping on their trail, until, finally, one day, just before sunset, we came into a broad wash, where the tracks appeared to be fresh, and I felt confident they had not long been made, and that we would surely succeed in finding them before we went much further. I sent Frank ahead to reconnoitre, and he soon returned, saying the thieves were at a house just ahead. His statement I verified a few minutes later, going forward and seeing the parties—three in number—myself. Frank wished to know what I intended to do. I told him as we had both been seen by the robbers, it would be best to defer any action on our part until night, when we might, under cover of the darkness, be able to take some advantage of them, but he was afraid to stay with me, and earnestly begged me to let him go to Ures, a distance of eighteen miles, where he said he could secure the assistance of Mexican soldiers. We had ridden sixteen leagues that day, and our horses were much fatigued, and thinking his animal unfit to accomplish, without rest, an additional six leagues, I tried to persuade him to remain, but my entreaties were of no avail; I could not allay his fears, and in the trying hour of need, he deserted me.

Left alone, I unsaddled my horse, and, entering a narrow gulch near at hand, I earnestly besought the help of the Lord, telling him in prayer how much I desired His assistance in recovering my horses. As a result, I was immediately greatly encouraged, and proceeded to move cautiously, in a roundabout way, to place myself between the house, where the robbers were, and the horses, grazing on a ridge beyond. I hid myself behind a large rock, and within five minutes heard voices, when, looking in the direction whence the sounds came, I saw the three thieves—two Americans, one the noted murderer, "Three-fingered Jack," and one Chilian, coming directly towards me. I experienced peculiar sensations, but when the party came within close rifle range, I leveled my Winchester and sharply ordered them to "throw up their hands." They, however, seeing but one drew their revolvers, covered me and stood their ground. Instantly comprehending my position, and while realizing the slight advantage my rifle and the partial screen from their fire the rock might afford me, I had a lively sense of the desperate character of the men confronting me, when, like a flash, I was prompted to adopt a ruse, which I instantly did by taking my hat and waving it energetically, and crying out with a loud voice, "Come on, boys, here they are, surround them quick, they can't get away!" Hearing which they appeared panic-stricken, threw down their lariats, and ran down the hill beyond the house and out of my sight, with all possible speed.

Gathering the horses I drove them into the corral near the house, which I entered later, finding there the saddles, guns, ammunition, clothing and bedding of the thieves. I piled them into a corner, and as darkness was fast settling around, I again went to the corral, with the view of guarding the horses through the night, not knowing what moment I might be attacked by the skulking rascals, whom fear had frightened away. Near midnight—how long the hours had seemed, I shall never forget—thinking I heard a noise at the house, I resolved to ascertain what caused it; for anything was better than the suspense under which I had labored while listening for hours to the heavy throbbings of my heart, made more distinct by suppressed breathing, whenever the night winds sighed through the long and plastic leaves of palm trees, whose waving branches cast flitting ghostly shadows all around me. Being unable longer to restrain myself and keep quiet, I cautiously approached the house, which was on a little hill not far from the corral. When within a few rods of it, I shouted, "Boys, surround the house and shoot the first man that darkens the door." Thinking that the thieves were in the house, I spoke in a loud voice, saying, "Keep in the house and remain quiet, and none of you shall be hurt." Receiving no reply, I ventured nearer, and on reaching the door found the house still unoccupied. I had been talking to the wind, but was not sorry.

Returning to the horses, I waited and watched and prayed while two more long, lonesome and weary hours passed away, when I heard at a distance the clatter of horses' feet on the stony road, and a few moments later, my terrible suspense was relieved, for the clang of sabres notified me of the approach of soldiers. The negro, for once, had been true and help was at hand. Under the command of their officer, the soldiers, five in number, quickly surrounded the house, made a rush for the door and found, as I had done twice before, the place abandoned. Building a fire, they and Frank stood around it and conversed together, but I was unable to understand them, and did not dare show myself, fearing the soldiers might mistake and shoot me for one of the robbers. At daylight, I ventured to reveal myself, and for my trouble had the pleasure of looking into the muzzles of six rifles, but Frank quickly informed them who I was, and through him I was able to express to the Lieutenant my sincere thanks for the timely assistance which he and his men had rendered me.

Believing that the thieves had cleared out entirely, I told the officer I would remain where I was a few days, and recruit my worn out horses. He, however, promptly informed me that his orders compelled him to take every thing, including myself and horses to Ures. This was wholly unexpected and exceedingly disagreeable to me; but my pleadings to remain were unavailing. I had thought that the saddles, bridles, guns, etc., which the thieves had abandoned, would partly repay me for the trouble and anxiety which I had experienced while pursuing them, but I soon learned that my claim on the property would be superceded by the law, under which it would be confiscated to the state. I was detained five days at Ures, waiting the slow process of a Mexican Court investigation. It was finally decided to discontinue further proceedings before the "Prefect," and send a posse of soldiers to apprehend, if possible, the thieves. I was instructed to accompany them, and we succeeded in capturing all three of them not more than thirty miles from Ures. This accomplished, I returned, much elated with the thought that I should speedily be released, and be able to return home. But imagine my chagrin when the thieves swore before the court that *I* was the robber and had stolen *their* horses, not they mine.

How to meet this unexpected charge I did not know, for it was evident that the testimony of the thieves had made an impression on the court. The negro, the night previous, had got drunk, and having used insolent language, which I resented, drew his pistol on me and I knocked him down to sober him. So I

had little reason to hope for any assistance from him. In this dilemma, far from home and friends, with thoughts of being confined indefinitely in a loathsome prison, my heart sank and my courage almost failed, when relief came in the person of Dr. McKinney, an American gentleman, who quickly satisfied the prefect that I was innocent of the charge made against me, and was really the owner of the horses. Through the doctor's efforts I was promptly discharged and told I could go. But this was easier said than done, for during the time of my delay, my horses had been shamefully neglected, almost starved, and unable to travel; so I selected one of the best, wrote a letter to Brother McRay at Arispe, and one to my folks on the San Pedro, and sent Frank, the negro, with them, intending to follow as the animals became able to travel. Frank delivered the letter to Brother McRay, and then, instead of going to St. David, and delivering the letter I had written to my folks to relieve their anxiety, which I knew must be great, went direct to Tucson and sold the horse and saddle. I saw no more of him for a long time.

I started in a few days after, from Ures, with five horses, the remainder could not travel, being too poor, weak and sore footed. Three days later I reached Arispe, and found Brother McRay, whose delight on seeing me knew no bounds. My letter having, to some extent, relieved his anxiety about me, still the days had dragged so heavily that he was almost wild before I came to him. He was pale and thin, having lived during my absence almost wholly on greens. But his tongue was as active as ever, and he deluged me with questions, which I was unable to answer, being so entirely worn out. I begged him to let me have just one night's sleep, and then I would reply to all his queries and relate fully my experience since parting with him. Eating some *penola* and *penocha* (parched corn and brown sugar), I threw myself down near the fire place of a floorless room, and was soon fast asleep. My rest was unbroken, profound and enjoyable until towards morning, when I dreamed that some one was choking me to death. With a start and a snort I awoke and found a good sized pig quietly resting with its belly across my throat.

Four days later we reached home, having been gone three weeks, during which, our families had heard nothing from us after leaving the Cocospera ranch. Always hungry, constantly on the watch, and frequently fatigued almost beyond endurance, yet with God's blessings, we conquered hardships, overcame dangers, escaped bodily harm, and demonstrated the kindness and hospitality of a strange and poor people, who willingly divided with us their scanty store.

Many months later I met Frank, the treacherous African, at Tucson, and remembering the peculiar circumstances under which I had known him, I freely forgave and extended to him the hand of reconciliation. He appeared greatly delighted, and invited me into his shop, saying he would like to shave me—he had turned barber—as a token of esteem. Soon after, I missed my watch, and then realized how impossible it is for "the leopard to change his spots;" Frank had stolen it, but I knew that I could not prove it. *Moses Thatcher.*

SERMONS AND WRITINGS OF THE PROPHETS.

KING FOLLETT'S FUNERAL.

April, 1844. At a quarter past three p.m., the choir sang a hymn. Elder Amasa Lyman offered prayer. President Joseph Smith delivered the following discourse before about twenty thousand Saints, being the funeral sermon of Elder King Follett. Reported by Willard Richards, Wilford Woodruff, Thomas Bullock and William Clayton.

Beloved Saints: I will call the attention of this congregation, while I address you, on the subject of the dead. The decease of our beloved brother, Elder King Follett, who was crushed in a well by the falling of a rock, has more immediately led me to that subject. I have been requested to speak by his friends and relatives; but inasmuch as there are a great many in this congregation who live in this city, as well as elsewhere, who have lost friends, I feel disposed to speak on the subject in general, and offer you my ideas so far as I have ability, and so far as I shall be inspired by the Holy Spirit to dwell on this subject.

I want your prayers and faith that I may have the instruction of Almighty God and the gift of the Holy Ghost, so that I may set forth things that are true and which can be easily comprehended by you, and that the testimony may carry conviction to your hearts and minds of the truth of what I shall say. Pray that the Lord may strengthen my lungs, stay the winds, and let the prayers of the Saints to heaven appear, that they may enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, for the effectual prayers of the righteous avail much. There is strength here, and I verily believe that your prayers will be heard.

Before I enter fully into the investigation of the subject which is lying before me, I wish to pave the way and bring up the subject from the beginning, that you may understand it. I will make a few preliminaries, in order that you may understand the subject when I come to it. I do not calculate or intend to please your ears with superfluity of words or oratory, or with much learning; but I calculate to edify you with the simple truths from heaven.

In the first place, I wish to go back to the beginning—to the morn of creation. There is the starting-point for us to look to, in order to understand and be fully acquainted with the mind, purposes and decrees of the Great Eloheim, who sits in yonder heavens as He did at the creation of this world. It is necessary for us to have an understanding of God Himself in the beginning. If we start right, it is easy to go right all the time; but if we start wrong, we may go wrong, and it be a hard matter to get right.

There are but very few beings in the world who understand rightly the character of God. The great majority of mankind do not comprehend anything, either that which is past, or that which is to come, as it respects their relationship to God. They do not know, neither do they understand the nature of that relationship; and consequently, they know but little above the brute beast, or more than to eat, drink and sleep. This is all man knows of God or his existence unless it is given by the inspiration of the Almighty. If a man learns nothing more than to eat, drink and sleep and does not comprehend any of the designs of God, the beast comprehends the same thing. It eats, drinks, sleeps and knows nothing more about God; yet it knows as much as we, unless we are able to comprehend by the inspiration of Almighty God. If men do not comprehend the character of God, they do not comprehend themselves. I want to go back to the beginning, and so lift your minds into a more lofty sphere and a more exalted understanding than what the human mind generally aspires to.

I want to ask this congregation, every man, woman and child, to answer the question in their own heart, what kind of a being is God? Ask yourselves; turn your thoughts into your hearts, and say if any of you have seen, heard or communed with Him. This is a question that may occupy your attention for a long time. I again repeat the question—What kind of a being is God? Does any man or woman know? Have any of you seen Him, heard Him, or communed with Him? Here is the question that will, peradventure, from this time henceforth, occupy your attention. The Scriptures inform us that "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

If any man does not know God, and inquires what kind of being He is—if he will search diligently his own heart—if the declarations of Jesus and the Apos-

tles be true, he will realize that he has not eternal life; for there can be eternal life on no other principle.

My first object is to find out the character of the only wise and true God, and what kind of being He is; and if I am so fortunate as to be the man to comprehend God, and explain or convey the principles to your hearts, so that the Spirit seals them upon you, then let every man and woman henceforth sit in silence, put their hands on their mouths, and never lift their hands or voices, or say anything against the man of God or the servants of God again. But if I fail to do it, it becomes my duty to renounce all further pretensions to revelations and inspirations, or to be a Prophet; and I should be like the rest of the world—a false teacher, be hailed as a friend, and no man would seek my life. But if all religious teachers were honest enough to renounce their pretensions to godliness when their ignorance of the knowledge of God is made manifest, they will all be as badly off as I am, at any rate; and you might just as well take the lives of other false teachers as that of mine, if I am false. If any man is authorized to take away my life because he thinks and says I am a false teacher, then, upon the same principle, we should be justified in taking away the life of every false teacher; and where would be the end of blood and who would not be the sufferer?

But meddle not with any man for his religion; and all governments ought to permit every man to enjoy his religion unmolested. No man is authorized to take away life in consequence of difference of religion, which all laws and governments ought to tolerate and protect, right or wrong. Every man has a natural, and, in our country, a constitutional right to be a false prophet as well as a true prophet. If I show, verily, that I have the truth of God, and show that ninety-nine out of every hundred professing religious ministers are false teachers, having no authority, while they pretend to hold the keys of God's kingdom on earth, and was to kill them because they are false teachers, it would deluge the whole world with blood.

I will prove that the world is wrong, by showing what God is. I am going to inquire after God; for I want you all to know Him, and to be familiar with Him; and if I can bring you to a knowledge of Him, all persecutions against me ought to cease. You will then know that I am His servant; for I speak as one having authority.

I will go back to the beginning before the world was, to show what kind of a being God is. What sort of a being was God in the beginning? Open your ears and hear, all ye ends of the earth; for I am going to prove it to you by the Bible, and to tell you the designs of God in relation to the human race, and why He interferes with the affairs of man.

God Himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted Man, and sits enthroned in yonder heavens. That is the great secret. If the vail was rent to-day, and the Great God who holds this world in its orbit, and who upholds all worlds and all things by His power, was to make Himself visible—I say, if you were to see Him to-day, you would see Him like a man in form, like yourselves in all the person, image, and very form as a man; for Adam was created in the very fashion, image and likeness of God, and received instruction from, and walked, talked and conversed with Him, as one man talks and communes with another.

In order to understand the subject of the dead, for the consolation of those who mourn for the loss of their friends, it is necessary we should understand the character and being of God, and how He came to be so; for I am going to tell you how God came to be God. We have imagined and supposed that God was God from all eternity. I will refute that idea, and will take away and do away the vail, so that you may see.

These are incomprehensible ideas to some; but they are simple. It is the first principle of the Gospel to know for a certainty the character of God, and to know that we may converse with Him as one man converses with another, and that He was once a man like us; yea, that God Himself, the Father of us all, dwelt on an earth, the same as Jesus

Christ himself did, and I will show it from the Bible. I wish I was in a suitable place to tell it, and that I had the trump of an archangel, so that I could tell the story in such a manner that persecution would cease forever. What did Jesus say? (Mark it, Elder Rigdon.) The Scriptures inform us that Jesus said, "As the Father hath power in himself, even so hath the Son power"—to do what? Why, what the Father did. The answer is obvious—in a manner to lay down His body and take it up again. Jesus, what are you going to do? To lay down my life as my Father did, and take it up again. Do you believe it? If you do not believe it, you do not believe the Bible. The Scriptures say it, and I defy all the learning and wisdom and all the combined powers of earth and hell together to refute it.

Here, then, is eternal life—to know the only wise and true God; and you have got to learn how to be Gods yourselves, and to be kings and priests to God, the same as all Gods have done before you, namely, by going from one small degree to another, and from a small capacity to a great one; from grace to grace, from exaltation to exaltation, until you attain to the resurrection of the dead, and are able to dwell in everlasting burnings, and to sit in glory, as do those who sit enthroned in everlasting power. And I want you to know that God, in the last days, while certain individuals are proclaiming His name, is not trifling with you or me.

These are the first principles of consolation. How consoling to the mourners when they are called to part with a husband, wife, father, mother, child, or dear relative, to know that, although the earthly tabernacle is laid down and dissolved, they shall rise again, to dwell in everlasting burnings in immortal glory, not to sorrow, suffer or die any more; but they shall be heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. What is it? To inherit the same power, the same glory, and the same exaltation, until you arrive at the station of a God, and ascend the throne of eternal power, the same as those who have gone before. What did Jesus do? Why I do the things I saw my Father do when worlds came rolling into existence. My Father worked out His kingdom with fear and trembling, and I must do the same; and when I get my kingdom, I shall present it to my Father, so that He may obtain kingdom upon kingdom, and it will exalt Him in glory. He will then take a higher exaltation, and I will take His place, and thereby become exalted myself. So that Jesus treads in the tracks of His Father, and inherits what God did before; and God is thus glorified and exalted in the salvation and exaltation of all His children. It is plain beyond disputation, and you thus learn some of the first principles of the Gospel, about which so much hath been said.

When you climb up a ladder, you must begin at the bottom, and ascend step by step, until you arrive at the top; and so it is with the principles of the Gospel—you must begin with the first, and go on until you learn all the principles of exaltation. But it will be a great while after you have passed through the vail before you will have learned them. It is not all to be comprehended in this world; it will be a great work to learn our salvation and exaltation, even beyond the grave. I suppose I am not allowed to go into an investigation of anything that is not contained in the Bible. If I did, I think there are so many *overwise* men here, that they would cry "treason," and put me to death. So I will go to the old Bible and turn commentator to-day.

I shall comment on the very first Hebrew word in the Bible; I will make a comment on the very first sentence of the history of creation in the Bible—*Berosheit*—I want to analyze the word. *Baith*—in, by, through, and everything else. *Rosh*—the head. *Sheit*—grammatical termination. When the inspired man wrote it, he did not put the *baith* there. An old Jew without any authority added the word; he thought it too bad to begin to talk about the *head!* It read first, "The head one of the Gods brought forth the Gods." That is the true meaning of the words. *Baurau* sig-

nifies to bring forth. If you do not believe it, you do not believe the learned man of God. Learned men can learn you no more than what I have told you. Thus the head God brought forth the Gods in the grand council.

I will transpose and simplify it in the English language. O, ye lawyers, ye doctors, and ye priests, who have persecuted me, I want to let you know that the Holy Ghost knows something as well as you do! The head God called together the Gods and sat in grand council to bring forth the world. The grand counselors sat at the head in yonder heavens and contemplated the creation of the worlds which were created at that time. When I say doctors and lawyers, I mean the doctors and lawyers of the Scriptures. I have done so hitherto without explanation, to let the lawyers flutter and everybody laugh at them. Some learned doctor might take a notion to say the Scriptures say thus and so; and we must believe the Scriptures; they are not to be altered. But I am going to show you an error in them.

I have an old edition of the New Testament in the Latin, Hebrew, German and Greek languages. I have been reading the German, and find it to be the most correct translation, and to correspond nearest to the revelations which God has given to me for the last fourteen years. It tells about Jachoboy, the son of Zebedee. It means Jacob. In the English New Testament it is translated James. Now, if Jacob had the keys, you might talk about James through all eternity, and never get the keys. In the twenty-first of the fourth chapter of Matthew, my old German edition gives the word Jacob instead of James.

The doctors (I mean doctors of law, not of physic,) say, "If you preach anything not according to the Bible, we will cry treason." How can we escape the damnation of hell, except God be with us and reveal to us? Men bind us with chains. The Latin says Jachabod, which means Jacob; the Hebrew says Jacob, the Greek says Jacob, and the German says Jacob; here we have the testimony of four against one. I thank God I have got this old book; but I thank Him more for the gift of the Holy Ghost. I have got the oldest book in the world; but I have got the oldest book in my heart, even the gift of the Holy Ghost. I have all the four Testaments. Come here, ye learned men, and read, if you can. I should not have introduced this testimony, were it not to back up the word *rosh* —the head, the Father of the Gods. I should not have brought it up, only to show that I am right.

In the beginning, the head of the Gods called a council of the Gods; and they came together and concocted a plan to create the world and people it. When we begin to learn in this way, we begin to learn the only true God, and what kind of a being we have got to worship. Having a knowledge of God, we begin to know how to approach Him, and how to ask so as to receive an answer.

When we understand the character of God, and know how to come to Him, He begins to unfold the heavens to us, and to tell us all about it. When we are ready to come to Him, He is ready to come to us.

Now, I ask all who hear me, why the learned men who are preaching salvation, say that God created the heavens and the earth out of nothing? The reason is, that they are unlearned in the things of God, and have not the gift of the Holy Ghost: they account it blasphemy in any one to contradict their idea. If you tell them that God made the world out of something, they will call you a fool. But I am learned, and know more than all the world put together. The Holy Ghost does anyhow, and He is within me, and comprehends more than all the world; and I will associate myself with Him.

You ask the learned doctors why they say the world was made out of nothing, and they will answer, "Don't the Bible say He *created* the world?" And they infer, from the word *create*, that it must have been made out of nothing. Now, the word *create* came from the word *baurau*, which does not mean to *create out of nothing;* it means to *organize*, the same as a man would organize materials

and build a ship. Hence we infer that God had materials to organize the world out of chaos—chaotic matter, which is element, and in which dwells all the glory. Element had an existence from the time He had. The pure principles of element are principles which can never be destroyed; they may be organized and reorganized, but not destroyed. They had no beginning, and can have no end.

I have another subject to dwell upon, which is calculated to exalt man; but it is impossible for me to say much on this subject. I shall therefore just touch upon it, for time will not permit me to say all. It is associated with the subject of the resurrection of the dead, namely, the soul—the mind of man—the immortal spirit. Where did it come from? All learned men and doctors of divinity say that God created it in the beginning; but it is not so: the very idea lessens man in my estimation. I do not believe the doctrine; I know better. Hear it, all ye ends of the world; for God has told me so; and if you don't believe me, it will not make the truth without effect. I will make a man appear a fool before I get through, if he does not believe it. I am going to tell of things more noble.

We say that God himself is a self-existent being. Who told you so? It is correct enough; but how did it get into your heads? Who told you that man did not exist in like manner upon the same principles? Man does exist upon the same principles. God made a tabernacle and put a spirit into it, and it became a living soul. [Refers to the old Bible.] How does it read in the Hebrew? It does not say in the Hebrew that God created the spirit of man. It says, "God made man out of the earth, and put into him Adam's spirit, and so became a living body."

The mind or the intelligence which man possesses is coequal with God himself. I know that my testimony is true; hence, when I talk to these mourners, what have they lost? Their relatives and friends are only separated from their bodies for a short season; their spirits which existed with God have left the tabernacle of clay only for a little moment, as it were; and they now exist in a place where they converse together the same as we do on the earth.

I am dwelling on the immortality of the spirit of man. Is it logical to say that the intelligence of spirits is immortal, and yet that it had a beginning? The intelligence of spirits had no beginning, neither will it have an end. That is good logic. That which has a beginning may have an end. There never was a time when there were not spirits; for they are coequal with our Father in heaven.

I want to reason more on the spirit of man; for I am dwelling on the body and spirit of man—on the subject of the dead. I take my ring from my finger and liken it unto the mind of man—the immortal part, because it has no beginning. Suppose you cut it in two; then it has a beginning and an end; but join it again, and it continues one eternal round. So with the spirit of man. As the Lord liveth, if it had a beginning it will have an end. All the fools and learned and wise men from the beginning of creation, who say that the spirit of man had a beginning, prove that it must have an end; and if that doctrine is true, then the doctrine of annihilation would be true. But if I am right, I might with boldness proclaim from the housetops that God never had the power to create the spirit of man at all. God himself could not create himself.

Intelligence is eternal and exists upon a self-existent principle. It is a spirit from age to age, and there is no creation about it. All the minds and spirits that God ever sent into the world are susceptible of enlargement.

The first principles of man are self-existent with God. God himself, finding He was in the midst of spirits and glory, because He was more intelligent, saw proper to institute laws whereby the rest could have a privelege to advance like himself. The relationship we have with God places us in a situation to advance in knowledge. He had power to institute laws to instruct the weaker intelligencies, that they may

be exalted with himself, so that they might have one glory upon another, and all that knowledge, power, glory and intelligence which is requisite in order to save them in the world of spirits.

This is good doctrine. It tastes good. I can taste the principles of eternal life, and so can you. They are given to me by the revelations of Jesus Christ; and I know that when I tell you these words of eternal life as they are given to me, you taste them, and I know that you believe them. You say honey is sweet, and so do I. I can also taste the spirit of eternal life. I know it is good; and when I tell you of these things which were given me by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, you are bound to receive them as sweet, and rejoice more and more.

I want to talk more of the relation of man to God. I will open your eyes in relation to your dead. All things whatsoever God of His infinite wisdom has seen fit and proper to reveal to us, while we are dwelling in mortality, in regard to our mortal bodies, are revealed to us in the abstract and independent of affinity of this mortal tabernacle, but are revealed to our spirits precisely as though we had no bodies at all; and those revelations which will save our spirits will save our bodies. God reveals them to us in view of no eternal dissolution of the body, or tabernacle. Hence the responsibility, the awful responsibility, that rests upon us in relation to our dead; for all the spirits who have not obeyed the Gospel in the flesh must either obey it in the spirit or be damned. Solemn thought— dreadful thought! Is there nothing to be done? No preparation—no salvation for our fathers and friends who have died without having had the opportunity to obey the decrees of the Son of Man? Would to God that I had forty days and nights in which to tell you all! I would let you know that I am not a "fallen prophet."

What promises are made in relation to the subject of the salvation of the dead? And what kinds of characters are those who can be saved, although their bodies are mouldering and decaying in the grave? When His commandments teach us, it is in view of eternity; for we are looked upon by God as though we were in eternity. God dwells in eternity, and does not view things as we do.

The greatest responsibility in this world that God has laid upon us is to seek after our dead. The Apostle says, "They without us cannot be made perfect;" for it is necessary that the sealing power should be in our hands to seal our children and our dead for the fulness of the dispensation of times—a dispensation to meet the promises made by Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world, for the salvation of man.

Now, I will speak of them. I will meet Paul half way. I say to you, Paul, you cannot be perfect without us. It is necessary that those who are gone before and those who come after us should have salvation in common with us; and thus hath God made it obligatory upon man. Hence God said, "I will send Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and he shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

I have a declaration to make as to the provisions which God hath made to suit the conditions of man—made from before the foundation of the world. What has Jesus said? All sins, and all blasphemies, and every transgression, except one, that man can be guilty of, may be forgiven; and there is a salvation for all men, either in this world or the world to come, who have not committed the unpardonable sin, there being a provision either in this world or the world of spirits. Hence God hath made a provision that every spirit in the eternal world can be ferreted out and saved, unless he has committed that unpardonable sin, which cannot be remitted to him, either in this world or the world of spirits. God has wrought out a salvation for all men, unless they have committed a certain sin; and every man who has a friend in the eternal world can save him, unless he has committed the

unpardonable sin. And so you see how far you can be a savior.

A man cannot commit the unpardonable sin after the dissolution of the body, and there is a way possible for escape. Knowledge saves a man; and in the world of spirits no man can be exalted but by knowledge. So long as a man will not give heed to the commandments, he must abide without salvation. If a man has knowledge, he can be saved; although, if he has been guilty of great sins, he will be punished for them. But when he consents to obey the Gospel, whether here or in the world of spirits, he is saved.

A man is his own tormenter and his own condemner. Hence the saying, "They shall go into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." The torment of disappointment in the mind of man is as exquisite as a lake burning with fire and brimstone. I say, so is the torment of man.

I know the Scriptures and understand them. I said no man can commit the unpardonable sin after the dissolution of the body, nor in this life, until he receives the Holy Ghost; but they must do it in this world. Hence the salvation of Jesus Christ was wrought out for all men, in order to triumph over the devil; for if it did not catch him in one place, it would in another; for He stood up as a Savior. All will suffer until they obey Christ himself.

The contention in heaven was—Jesus said there would be certain souls that would not be saved; and the devil said he could save them all, and laid his plans before the grand council, who gave their vote in favor of Jesus Christ. So the devil rose up in rebellion against God, and was cast down, with all who put up their heads for him.

All sins shall be forgiven, except the sin against the Holy Ghost; for Jesus will save all except the sons of perdition. What must a man do to commit the unpardonable sin? He must receive the Holy Ghost, have the heavens opened unto him, and know God, and then sin against Him. After a man has sinned against the Holy Ghost, there is no repentance for him. He has got to say that the sun does not shine while he sees it; he has got to deny Jesus Christ when the heavens have been opened unto him, and to deny the plan of salvation with his eyes open to the truth of it; and from that time he begins to be an enemy. This is the case with many apostates of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

When a man begins to be an enemy to this work, he hunts me, he seeks to kill me, and never ceases to thirst for my blood. He gets the spirit of the devil—the same spirit that they had who crucified the Lord of Life—the same spirit that sins against the Holy Ghost. You cannot save such persons; you cannot bring them to repentance; they make open war, like the devil, and awful is the consequence.

I advise all of you to be careful what you do, or you may by and by find out that you have been deceived. Stay yourselves; do not give way; do not make any hasty moves; you may be saved. If a spirit of bitterness *is* in you, don't be in haste. You may say that man is a sinner. Well, if he repents, he shall be forgiven. Be cautious; await. When you find a spirit that wants bloodshed—*murder*, the same is not of God, but is of the devil. Out of the abundance of the heart of man the mouth speaketh.

The best men bring forth the best works. The man who tells you words of life is the man who can save you. I warn you against all evil characters who sin against the Holy Ghost; for there is no redemption for them in this world nor in the world to come.

I could go back and trace every subject of interest concerning the relationship of man to God, if I had time. I can enter into the mysteries; I can enter largely into the eternal worlds; for Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."—John, xiv; 2. Paul says, "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from an-

other star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead."—1 Cor., xv: 41. What have we to console us in relation to the dead? We have reason to have the greatest hope and consolations for our dead of any people on the earth; for we have seen them walk worthily in our midst, and seen them sink asleep in the arms of Jesus; and those who have died in the faith are now in the celestial kingdom of God. And hence is the glory of the sun.

You mourners have occasion to rejoice (speaking of the death of Elder King Follett), for your husband and father is gone to wait until the resurrection of the dead—until the perfection of the remainder; for at the resurrection your friend will rise in perfect felicity and go to celestial glory, while many must wait myriads of years before they can receive the like blessings; and your expectations and hopes are far above what man can conceive; for why has God revealed it to us?

I am authorized to say, by the authority of the Holy Ghost, that you have no occasion to fear; for he is gone to the home of the just. Don't mourn; don't weep. I know it by the testimony of the Holy Ghost that is within me; and you may wait for your friends to come forth to meet you in the morn of the celestial world.

Rejoice, O Israel! Your friends who have been murdered for the truth's sake in the persecution shall *triumph* gloriously in the celestial world, while their murderers shall welter for ages in torment, even until they shall have paid the uttermost farthing. I say this for the benefit of strangers.

I have a father, brothers, children and friends who have gone to a world of spirits. They are only absent for a moment. They are in the spirit, and we shall soon meet again. The time will soon arrive when the trumpet shall sound. When we depart, we shall hail our mothers, fathers, friends, and all whom we love, who have fallen asleep in Jesus. There will be no fear of mobs, persecutions, or malicious lawsuits and arrests; but it will be an eternity of felicity.

A question may be asked: "Will mothers have their children in eternity?" Yes! Mothers, you shall have your children, for they shall have eternal life; for their debt is paid, there is no damnation awaits them, for they are in the spirit. As the child dies, so shall it rise from the dead, and be forever living in the learning of God; it shall be the child the same as it was before it died out of your arms. Children dwell in and exercise power in the same form as they laid them down.

I will leave this subject here, and make a few remarks on the subject of baptism. The baptism of water, without the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost attending it, is of no use; they are necessarily and inseparably connected. An individual must be born of water and the spirit in order to get into the kingdom of God. In the German, the text bears me out the same as the revelations which I have given and taught for the last fourteen years on that subject. I have the testimony to put in their teeth. My testimony has been true all the time. You will find it in the declaration of John the Baptist. [Reads from the German.] John says, "I baptize you with water; but when Jesus comes, who has the power (or keys), He shall administer the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost." Great God! where is now all the sectarian world? And if this testimony is true, they are all damned as clearly as anathema can do it. *I know the text is true.* I call upon all you Germans who know that it is true, to say Aye. [Loud shouts of "Aye."]

Alexander Campbell, how are you going to save people with water alone? For John said his baptism was good for nothing without the baptism of Jesus Christ. "Therefore, not leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection, not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment. And this will we do, if God permit."—Heb., vi: 1—3.

There is one God, one Father, one Jesus, one hope of our calling, one baptism. All these three baptisms only make one. Many talk of baptism not being essential to salvation; but this kind of teaching would lay the foundation of their damnation. I have the truth, and am at the defiance of the world to contradict me, if they can.

I have now preached a little Latin, a little Hebrew, Greek and German and I have fulfilled all. I am not so big a fool as many have taken me to be. The Germans know that I read the German correctly.

Hear it all ye ends of the earth; all ye priests, all ye sinners, and all men: Repent! repent! Obey the Gospel. Turn to God; for your religion won't save you, and you will be damned. I do not say how long. There have been remarks made concerning all men being redeemed from hell; but I say that those who sin against the Holy Ghost cannot be forgiven in this world or in the world to come: they shall die the second death. Those who commit the unpardonable sin are doomed to *Gnolom* —to dwell in hell, worlds without end. As they concoct scenes of bloodshed in this world, so they shall rise to that resurrection which is as the lake of fire and brimstone. Some shall rise to the everlasting burning of God; for God dwells in everlasting burnings; and some shall rise to the damnation of their own filthiness, which is as exquisite a torment as the lake of fire and brimstone.

I have intended my remarks for all, both rich and poor, bond and free, great and small. I have no enmity against any man. I love you all; but I hate some of your deeds. I am your best friend; and if persons miss their mark, it is their own fault. If I reprove a man, and he hates me, he is a fool; for I love all men, especially these my brethren and sisters.

I rejoice in hearing the testimony of my aged friends. You don't know me; you never knew my heart. No man knows my history. I cannot tell it; I shall never undertake it. I don't blame any one for not believing my history. If I had not experienced what I have, I could not have believed it myself. I never did harm any man since I was born into the world. My voice is always for peace.

I cannot lie down until all my work is finished. I never think any evil, nor do anything to the harm of my fellow-man. When I am called by the trump of the arch-angel and weighed in the balance, you will all know me then. I add no more. God bless you all. Amen.

The stream of truth can only be held back for a passing instant, but never permanently stemmed.

INCONSISTENCIES OF MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

IV.

In the important matter of Church organization the Roman Catholics have widely departed from the order established by Jesus Christ. His Church was founded with Apostles and Prophets, Evangelists, Priests, Seventies, Elders, Pastors, Teachers and Deacons; but Catholicism provides a different class of officers, who perform different functions and are known by different names. Many of its leading dogmas too are diametrically opposed to the Scriptures of divine truth as conclusively shown in the former article upon this subject, and in their manner of church worship, they have departed as far from the plain and simple methods established by Jesus Christ and his Apostles as the heathen and idolaters in primitive times departed from the God-given worship of their fathers.

The heathen did not at first, and many of them do not now, worship their images as the true embodiment of deistic power, but simply as a visible symbol of some great unseen God, and so it is with the Roman Catholics. They

bow in reverence to the images of Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary not as they say, to worship the inanimate substance of which they are composed, but to be better able to concentrate their minds upon these deities to whom they are taught to offer their devotions. The heathen know as well as the Roman Catholics that the graven images formed by them possess no power in and of themselves, only as they are made the means, through their devotion to the great unseen powers which they typify, of bringing them the desired blessing and protection. As to all this class of worship no matter what its ulterior object, or in what form it is conducted, God has strictly forbidden it in his holy word, and all who indulge in it are under condemnation whether christian or pagan.

As Catholicism is the great head and front of modern Christianity. I deem it advisable before passing to the consideration of other churches, to make a few extracts from their published doctrines for the benefit of the young people of Zion; that they may behold the beautiful contrast between the religion of Jesus Christ in which they have been reared, and the hideous counterfeit which man has formulated by the strength of his own intellect. I will quote from "The People's Catechism of the Roman Catholic Doctrines," by the Rev. John Hannock, O. S. B.:

"It is not sufficient for us to believe the Scriptures only, but we must also believe the traditions of the church. God made man, as to his body, of the slime of the earth and breathed into his face the breath of life. His soul was created from nothing and made to the image and likeness of God. * * * God has promised forgiveness of sins to all that repent, by the sacrament of baptism and penance. Not only original sin, in which we are all born, but also the sins we may have done before baptism, after we came to the use of reason are forgiven by baptism and all the sins we have done after baptism are forgiven by penance.".

There are six general precepts of their church which are stated as follows: 1st: To hear mass on Sundays and holidays,and keep them holy. 2nd: To fast in Lent, on vigils, and ember-days, and to abstain from flesh meat on Fridays and other days of abstinence. 3rd: To confess our sins to our pastors at least once a year. 4th: To receive the blessed eucharist (Lord's supper) at least once a year. 5th: To pay tithes to our pastor. 6th: That at certain times of the year and where certain hindrances exist, the faithful are forbidden to marry. * * * There are three evangelical councils, namely; voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and perfect obedience. * * * There are seven general sacraments of the new law, namely; baptism, confirmation, holy eucharist, penance, extreme unction, holy orders and matrimony."

Upon the subject of baptism the following instruction is given: "The church has defined that no one can be saved unless he be baptized, either actually or in desire, so that there remains no remedy for infants that die without baptism; they can never come to the enjoyment of God, except they die like the holy innocents, who were slain by the hands of persecutors, out of hatred to Christ. The reason is, because, all being born in original sin, there is no remission or remedy for that sin but through the blood of Christ, which cannot be applied to our souls without baptism, the first sacrament that we receive. It is called a *Sacrament for the dead* because we all are dead in original sin; and this is the only sacrament that can quicken us into spiritual life. * * * * There are three ways of baptizing validly: sprinkling or aspersion, pouring or effusion, and plunging. Whether you sprinkle, pour or plunge three times is not essential, but according to the rites of the church in this part of the world (England) we pour the water on the head of the person who is to be baptized three times, at the same time pronouncing the form: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." If any part of the body be washed with the water of baptism, very

probably the baptism is valid; but it ought to be chiefly poured on the head, as being the principal part of the body. The ministers of baptism are, first, bishops and pastors by their ordinary power; second, deacons by commission; third, laymen and women, in case of necessity; and whether it is done by Catholic or heretic by christian or pagan, provided he intends to do what the church does and Christ has ordained, the baptism is valid. * * * As to the necessity of this sacrament, though it is essential to salvation, yet if it be received only in desire, with faith and true contrition for sin, when it cannot be actually received it suffices."

The ceremony of baptism is thus explained on pages 150 and 152 inclusive: 1. When the person to be baptized is brought to the church-door, he is there stopped, to signify that, being born in original sin, and as yet a slave to the devil, he cannot enter the church, and that baptism gives him entrance into it. 2. The priest, having asked his name (which ought not to be a profane or heathenish name, but that of some saint, the more to excite him to a good life), then says, "What do you demand of the Church of God?" The sureties answer for him, "Faith;" by which is meant, the belief of the whole Christian religion, which, if put in practice, leads to life everlasting. 3. Then he breathes in his face three times (as our Savior breathed on his Apostles when He imparted to them the Holy Ghost), and commands the devil to depart, and give place to the Holy Ghost; thus signifying that he is by this sacrament made the temple of the Holy Ghost. 4. He then makes the sign of the cross on his forehead, to signify that henceforth he must not be ashamed of the cross of Christ, but publicly profess himself a Christian; he signs him also on the breast, to signify that he must not only outwardly profess, but inwardly believe, the faith and law of Christ. 5. He blesses salt, and puts some of it into his mouth, to signify that the words of a Christian ought to be seasoned with wisdom, of which salt is an emblem in Holy Scripture: "Let your speech be always in grace, seasoned with salt" (Col. iv, 6). 6. As our Savior gave a power to his Apostles, and in them to all their successors, the pastors of the Church, "over spirits, to cast them out" (Matt. x: 1), the priest proceeds to read the exorcisms, commanding the wicked spirit to depart in the name of Him who is to come to judge the quick and the dead. Then laying the stole upon the child, he leads him into the church to receive baptism, reciting, together with the godfather and godmother, the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer, to signify that the Church of God admits none to her communion who profess not that creed, and that none are worthy of baptism who are ignorant of that prayer. 8. The priest repeats the exorcisms as before. 9. He touches the ears and nostrils of the person to be baptized with spittle, in imitation of our Savior, who, with the like ceremony, "opened the eyes of the blind man," (John vi: 9), "and cures the deaf and dumb" (Mark vii: 38). This ceremony signifies that by the grace of this sacrament his ears are open to the doctrine of Christ, and his mouth to confess his faith. 10. The person to be baptized being now brought to the font, the priest puts three questions: (1) "Do you renounce Satan?" To which is answered by the godfather and godmother, "I do renounce him." (2) "And all his works?" They answer, "I do renounce them." (3) "And all his pomps?" They answer, "I do renounce them." Upon these conditions he is admitted to baptism. 11. Then he is anointed with the holy oils, blessed by the Bishop, on the breast and between the shoulders; as these unctions were used in all consecrations in the old law, and are also in the new, this ceremony signifies that by baptism we are consecrated to God and His service. 12. Next he is examined as to his faith: "Do you believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth?" etc. The godfather and godmother, if not of age himself, answer for him, "I do believe." Here he professes his faith of the Blessed Trinity, of the incarnation, of the holy Catholic church, the resurrection of the

body, and life everlasting. 13. Then the priest says, "Will you be baptized?" Answer, "I will;" to signify, that as our first parents wilfully transgressed, we, their children, must willingly return to our duty: yet, as to infants, who have not the use of reason, God is pleased they should be brought to baptism by the will and faith of others, because it was not by their own but by the will of others they were born in original sin. Then he pours water on the head of the person three times, in the form of a cross, saying, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and this is baptism itself. 14. The priest then anoints the top of his head with chrism, to signify that he is now, by baptism, a member of the church, united to the head, Jesus Christ. 15. Then he puts white linen on his head, as a symbol of that innocence and purity he has received by baptism, which he must carefully preserve till death and judgment. 16. A lighted candle is afterwards put into his hand, to signify that his soul, now espoused to Christ as a burning lamp, ought to shine by faith and good works in the Church of God, and be prepared to meet the Bridegroom, with the five prudent virgins, and all the saints at His second coming. 17. And lastly, after saying to the baptized person, "Go in peace, and the Lord be with thee," he admonishes the godfather and godmother of their duty towards the child, and the spiritual affinity they contract with their godchildren, and their parents, viz., that there can be no valid marriage between them without a dispensation from the church; for which reason the church allows but one godfather and one godmother to the same person, to prevent too great an extent of this spiritual affinity; nay, even one suffices, either godfather or godmother; but these ought to be such as are capable of instructing the child in the rudiments of the Catholic faith, if the parents should neglect it, or be prevented by death; whence it must be concluded that none but Catholics of good morals ought to be admitted to this charge."

The sacrament of confirmation is administered after the following manner: 1. The bishop extends his hands over those who are to be confirmed, whilst he prays that they may receive the sevenfold grace of the Holy Ghost. This is the laying on of hands mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. 2. With his thumb he anoints them on the forehead with chrism, forming a cross upon it, with these words: I sign thee with the sign of the cross; I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. 3. He gives every one a slight blow on the cheek, with these words "Peace be with you." * * * As to the effects of this sacrament: 1st. It imprints a spiritual mark in the soul, which will never be defaced, but remain therein to the future glory or confusion; for as by baptism we are made Christians, so by confirmation we are marked Christian soldiers. * * * 2nd. By this sacrament are communicated to our souls the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Ghost, as *wisdom*, which wean our affections from the world to the love and enjoyment of God; *understanding* to submit implicitly to all the mysteries of faith, and to know and penetrate the excellency of them; *counsel*, to choose which is for the glory of God, and the good of our souls; *fortitude*, to withstand the devil, and all his agents; *knowledge*, to discern the right from wrong; *piety*, to walk with delight in the service of God; *fear*, to adore him in all His attributes, and tremble to offend him. * * * This sevenfold grace of the Holy Ghost is the proper effect of confirmation, not those extraordinary gifts of the tongues, or miracles, or prophecy, etc., mentioned by St. Paul to the Corinthians. (1 Cor. xii.)

Of the sacraments of Eucharist and Penance perhaps enough has already been said and as to Extreme Unction Holy Orders and Marriage neither time nor space will permit me to enter into any detailed explanation of them here. Suffice it to say that these sacraments are just as absurd, inconsistent and ridiculous as those which are explained above. *Joseph A. West.*

IN THE EGYPTIAN WAR.

I REACHED the bombarded city of Alexandria just two days before Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived. I have read a great many descriptions of Alexandria after its bombardment, and heard a great many people talk about its appearance, but nothing that I have ever read or heard seems to me to describe the real scene. As a matter of fact, no one, I suppose, can describe a bombarded city. Alexandria was destined to be one of the greatest and one of the most beautiful cities of the world. She should have the wealthiest society and the finest public institutions of any city beyond Paris; and yet when I arrived there in September last, expecting to go to shops that I knew well, expecting to go to hotels that are well known in Europe, expecting to have my drafts cashed on banks upon which I was wont to cash them, I found, instead of shops, and hotels, and banks, nothing but one great heap of burnt ruins, stretching from the quay to the great square. The streets I had known so well—beautiful streets, with their avenues of acacia trees, public piazzas, with their fountains, where the fashionable society of the city used to meet in the evenings, where the bands used to play, and the splendid Parisian shops—they were all one undistinguishable heap of ruins.

But one feature of the scene (so it seemed to me) that ought to have struck every man in describing the bombarded city of Alexandria, was the immense number of bombarded and starving cats. I had read description after description of the ruined city, but none of them ever said a word about the cats. The writers told me how shells had blown houses to pieces, described all kinds of horrors, and satiated me with catastrophe and skeletons, but no one said a word about cats. Now, it was perfectly impossible to go into Alexandria after the bombardment and then to sit down and write about it, or stand up and talk about it, and not mention the cats. In fact, the whole place was cats! I never saw such "felisity" in my life. If you turned the corner you would find a hundred—I am talking liberally of course—one hundred cats sitting on the ruins of a single house. Go a little farther and you would see two hundred. On the remains of what had been the bank of London, it was stated in a telegram that the writer counted three hundred and seventeen cats! New arrivals were moved with pity for the poor animals, but the result of sympathy was always disastrous. Your pity was ruined and destroyed by the immediate rush of paupers. If you produced a mutton chop for one cat, there were three hundred cats waiting next time for three hundred mutton chops. That made charity look rather a serious matter. After the second day the people, instead of taking mutton chops to the cats, would take revolvers and shoot them.

After Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived in Alexandria he took it upon himself to carry out the maxim, which he has always inculcated in the press, that it is the duty of a general in the field to tell a lie when he thinks that it is judicious for the public service to do so. I happened to have a personal acquaintance with Sir Garnet Wolseley; I have known him for many years. I am proud to say we are very good friends. I was on board his steamer on the 12th of August, and after a glass of wine and a cigar I said to him, "Would you mind telling me what you are going to do?" "Not a bit of it," said he; "if I would not tell you, who would I tell?" I said, "What are you going to do?" He replied, "We are going to bombard the forts of Aboukir." "Oh!" said I; "and when you have bombarded the forts of Aboukir, what then?" "Then the first division of the army will operate with the second division as events may develop." I asked if I might send that important piece of news home to my paper. He said certainly. Accordingly I wrote out my telegram: "Sir Garnet

Wolseley authorizes me to state that the British fleet is about to bombard the forts of Aboukir, and after the bombardment the second division of the British army will co-operate with the first division of the army as events may develop." I then took the liberty of going on to say that I didn't believe a word of it. Said I, "This is the first time in history that Sir Garnet Wolseley has appeared to act the part of an ass. If he is going to bombard the forts of Aboukir, he is going to do what every idiot said he would do and what every sensible man said he would not do." I went on in this strain with a long telegram. In about sixty hours the comments of the London Press on what they were pleased to call the presumption of my telegram, came back to Sir Garnet Wolseley, in the Bay of Ismalia, stating that the forts of Aboukir had been bombarded. It was only by a bit of luck, perhaps you would call it inspiration, that I guessed Sir Garnet was making fun of the special correspondent. I acted accordingly, with the most complete success.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is one of the most charming gentleman of the day. Let the republican New York papers say what they choose about it, I do not doubt that he is a soldier and a gentleman. We are going to have some big fighting in a year or two, and Sir Garnet is going to beat the man he fights against. He is probably one of the smallest heroes that God ever made, but he is certainly one of the handsomest. Put him on horseback, give him a good riding horse, a good helmet, and he is the *beau ideal* soldier. Take off his uniform and put him in the parlor, and he is the *beau ideal* civilian. He is one of the best men I ever met. He has read very extensively in several languages. He has studied the sciences and is able to conduct a table—for instance, at a geographical society or in any archæological body. If the guest or chairman of the evening, he is able to engage, in a charming manner, in the exact scientific discussion of the principles of art or the latest achievements of science. He has had four campaigns, and has met them all successfully. If Sir Garnet Wolseley had commanded the Zulu war, the Prince Imperial might have been on the throne of France to-day, and England would never have been disgraced.

Sir Garnet was in the Bay of Ismalia, where the British ships, one hundred and ten all counted, lay at anchor. You have heard in this country a great deal that is most maliciously untrue about the cause and course of the Egyptian war. The cause of it was this: Europe threatened the connection of Great Britain with India. The European nations combined threatened to undertake the protectorate of Egypt; or more directly, they refused to allow Great Britain to shape her policy in such a way that she should have a protectorate of Egypt. France, Italy, Germany, Turkey and Russia were all directly interested in the possession of that country; but when it came to the point there was only one power which insisted on settling the Egyptain question, and that was England. France, Italy, Germany, Turkey and Russia, for one reason or another, found it diplomatic or politic not to move. Old England, of whom it has been said sometimes, she is growing old, weak and effete, and silly and everything that is rotten—Old England took it upon herself to settle the Egyptian difficulty. She did not do it in a hurry, but waited till all Europe was disgusted, Alexandria in ruins; till Italians, Frenchmen, Shieks and Englishmen, had been slaughtered; then England stepped in. Germany began to diplomatize, France began to threaten, Italy to grumble, and Turkey to arm her troops. Russia began to move upon India. Great Britain took no notice whatever of the hostile or angry movements of either, but proceeded upon her way. She collected in the Bay of Ismalia about fifteen thousand of her best troops, and quietly waited till she had all that was necessary, in the way of transport; then she put her hands upon Tel-el-Kebir, and just shook Europe from Nova Zembla to Sicily. Still that rotten old England! When she came out with her fleet Europe said, "This is a threat." Wol-

seley turned to the officers and said, "Yes, it is a threat." They said, "It's a challenge?" He said, "Yes, it is a challenge," and told them it was a good many other things. The lesson of the Egyptian war to Europe was this—and it was a lesson to all nations: England asserted her position which her forefathers gave her—that of supreme dominion of the seas. When war is declared, England is mistress of the seas. Her fleet the other day, although it was but one-eighth of her power, of her metal and guns and fighting power, demonstrated this. Europe said we had better let England do what she wants to do with these Egyptians. And they did.

You have heard of that charge of the Highlanders upon Tel-el-Kebir. The papers have probably told you that after all it was only Egyptians; that anybody could make the Egyptians run away. I happened to be there. I confess it was an accident. It is not my way, nor any sensible man's way, to join the Highlanders in a charge. We had started out from camp together, for a night attack upon the entrenchments of the Egyptians—we had no idea whatever where the Egyptians were—marching with the rising sun behind us and a heavy mist in front, over the desert land of Goshen, which is a series of waves of sand. At the bottom of these undulations, during the night, there accumulated a thick white mist. The consequence was, as our soldiers advanced against the Egyptians, this mist raised up in front of them and concealed the country for a hundred yards before their faces. But it didn't prevent the Egyptians from knowing the Highlanders were coming upon them. Their pickets kept flying before the advance British column, probably every five minutes, carrying back the news to Tel-el-Kebir in their earthworks that the British army was coming. I had started from camp with the British Grenadiers. About two o'clock the order was given to bivouack, and we lay down to get such sleep as we could. It appeared to me I had been asleep about a minute when I awoke. It was still dark, but imagine my astonishment when I looked around, if you can use that phrase, trying to look around in Egyptian darkness, and became aware that the Grenadiers had gone. Now the awkward part of that discovery was this, that I had quite forgotten in which direction my head was pointing when I went to sleep. So as I stood up, my horse my only companion, I did not know which way to go. If I marched one way I would meet the British troops, if the other, the Egyptians.

I was standing in this dilemma when I became aware of a body of troops coming up, and I went to them and found they were British artillery. But often as I have seen troops going into action, I am certain I never encountered anything so picturesque as that battery of artillery moving across the sand, that morning, against the Egyptians, and absolutely without sound. They moved across the desert like a phantom; the horses seemed to be in the secret; they never neighed, the harness had been muffled, and the battery swept across the sand in ghostly silence. The men marched in front and made a sound exactly like the sea washing up gravel on the beach, and yet that sound was not more than a whisper. It was a march of men to death! I went on in front of the battery, asking the way from them; they told me they had no directions except a star. I followed the star, and came up to a large body of infantry advancing. I asked the corner man who he was; he said, "I belong to the Irish brigade." "You are supporting the Grenadiers?" He said, "Yes, sir." On I went, about a quarter of a mile in front, when I met a second body of troops; these I concluded were the Grenadiers. I moved up to their right flank and began to march slowly.

We had gone on in this way for about an hour, when the last of the Egyptians had discovered us and fell back to their intrenchments to tell the enemy that the British troops were at that moment less than three hundred yards away. Now, remember, the Highlanders had no idea, whatever, that they were within three

hundred yards of the intrenchments. They might have been three hundred miles away, for what they could see of the enemy. Yet within that murderous distance there were nearly thirty-six thousand Egyptians waiting for the word to fire. They had their rifles on the earthworks, and any amount of ammunition. They had orders to go on firing until further orders. Unfortunately, as usually happens, the generals of the two contending armies do not make their plans to suit each other. Accordingly their orders were considerably at variance. The Egyptians were told to go on firing till further orders. The Highlanders were told that as soon as the Egyptians opened fire they were to charge. They were not to fire, they were not to utter a single sound, but to rush upon the Egyptian earthworks, and give one shout for St. George as they got on the top, and as soon as possible get among them with steel.

You should have seen those men carry out their orders to the letter. They were just coming over one of those waves of sand, perfectly ignorant of the fact that the Egyptians were but two hundred and fifty yards from them; that the Egyptians could see them and had their rifles—thirty-six thousand of them —ready loaded. Of a sudden, the whole sky, from north to south, cracked out in a flame! The earth shook under our feet exactly like an earthquake! The volley of that infantry, I was told afterwards, was the most terrific they ever heard. Bullets did not come over by tens, hundreds or thousands, but simply came in bagsful. It was then that I discovered, to my intense disgust, that I had accompanied the Highlanders instead of the Grenadiers. I understood that the Irish brigade were to support the Grenadiers; instead of which the Grenadiers were to support the Irish brigade. I had passed them and gone on from them and found myself with the Highlanders, and a spectator of this tremendous fusillade.

I could not see the works at first, because of a rise in the ground. When I reached the top of the wave, I saw exactly what had happened two minutes before. The earthworks had burst into a flame, the Highlanders, according to their orders, just grabbed their rifles, but never fired a shot before the charge. Going two hundred and fifty yards they lost ten officers and two hundred and seventy men. They covered the distance in a minute and a half, and then tumbled over among the wretched Egyptians. The Egyptians were told to stand there and fire until further orders, and, as an officer afterwards said, they were not prepared for such fighting. They said that's not fighting. You should have stood still and we should have fired at you, then you should have fired at us, and, as we were behind these earthworks, and you were in the open plain, we would have got the best of you.

The Highlanders leaped like leopards among them. They never said a word, never fired a shot, but as every man got on top of the earthworks, they gave one cheer, then jumped over the bank. When I passed over, about seven or eight minutes after, I found three thousand dead Egyptians.

Don't let any one make you believe that the reason why the Highlanders succeeded on that charge was because the men opposed to them were Egyptians. I will tell you the reason the Highlanders succeeded. It was because the Highlanders charged. You may look over British history, through every victory, right through the Peninsular war down to the present time, and there have never been troops yet in Europe that have stood a charge from the Highlanders. There are no troops that ever will stand before a brigade of the British Highlanders! I ought to add, in justice to their nationality, that the finest peasantry in the world among the Highlanders, are Irish.

The victory of Tel-el-Kebir that I have just been trying to describe, resulted, as you know, in the complete collapse of the Egyptian rebellion. The leader of the rebellion, whom I find called in this country Arabi Pasha, who is known out there as Arabi Bey, was so taken back

by the eight minutes' work of the Highlanders that he did not have time to get in his first class carriage and ride back to Cairo. He had only time to catch a horse and get across the canal, and save his life at the skin of his teeth. We tumbled into his camp a few minutes after and ate his grapes. He had just collected a great many for refreshment of himself and his officers.

In a few minutes after, we were on board the train going to Cairo. Sir Garnet telegraphed to the Queen. Here we are: "Sir Garnet Wolseley to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Cairo. Here we are." It was one of the finest messages I ever saw written. We got into the train. All this time the Egyptians had had the trains and the British soldiers had to walk. Now the British had the train, and the Egyptians had to walk. The victorious general now rode in the train through the defeated army, and at the same time was racing with them for their capital, Sir Garnet going forty miles an hour in the train, and the Egyptians walking between the rails. Our train was forcing its way, screaming the whole of the time to drive the beaten army off the track. They were all marching as hard as they could go upon the same errand with us. There were some fifty thousand Egyptians; and six hundred British soldiers. But we had the better of them, and got there first.

When I reached Cairo, it occurred to me, according to the instinct of a correspondent, that instead of waiting and enjoying myself in drinking champagne with the Khedive and the officers and other swells, it would be a good thing to see the midshipman Du Chair, and if he was alive, to save him, and if he was not alive, to be the first to bring the news. This midshipman was the first prisoner taken by the Egyptians from the British army. He was sent one evening with a dispatch, by the admiral of his ship, to the commander of the troops, and was told to follow the railway line till he reached camp. But the admiral forgot to tell the boy there were two railways. He carefully followed the wrong one till he reached the camp, but it was the Egyptian camp. They immediately took him prisoner, and sent him down to Arabi Bey, expecting Arabi Bey would skin him alive. Instead of that, he put him in the Palace de Rouche, a palace in Cairo. There was probably no incident in all the war which created more curiosity and excitement than the capture of the boy Du Chair. The circumstances of his capture were very singular; they were not understood at all until I found him in Cairo. His mother received telegrams from him regularly, and also it was reported that his body, in three or four hundred pieces, had been distributed among the different regiments in Alexandria, by the Egyptians. Whether he was cut up, or who it was that was telegraphing to his mother, or where he was, no one could find out.

As soon as the train got into Cairo, I left my car on the opposite side to that upon which all the officers stepped out, and knowing Cairo very well, having stopped there on my way to India on a previous occasion, I met a carriage, and got the driver to take me to the palace. It was well known that young Du Chair had been a prisoner at the palace. When I mentioned his name, the Egyptian driver knew it. The common language of Egypt is bad French. I spoke to him in French, and he thoroughly understood me. He proceeded to drive me to Du Chair. I had hardly got into the street before I became aware that I was the object of very considerable curiosity. We did not know that the next day had been fixed upon by Arabi Bey for the destruction of Cairo, and to massacre all its European inhabitants. The result was that in all Cairo the fact being known, everybody pretending to be in any way a republican, was hiding in their cellars, down wells, up in the tops of trees or somewhere else, when suddenly there appeared, in the streets, an Englishman, driven in an open carriage through the city. You may imagine the interest it excited. I was passing one of the principal streets of Cairo opposite to the Shepherds' Hotel, when there was a rush of citizens. They had been sitting in the *cafés* smok-

ing and wondering how the war was going on and whether the battle had been fought at Tel-el-Kebir, and what Arabi Bey would do when he had defeated the British. They had heard nothing of Tel-el-Kebir. They had no idea that Sir Garnet had arrived; that the battle was fought the day before,and that we were in the city of Cairo. They had no idea that they were actually conquered and in the power of the English. So when they saw me coming down the street, they thought I was either some supernatural personage or a lunatic. They jumped up on their feet and stared at me. Some men, I saw myself, fell back in astonishment against the wall, with mouths wide open and hands stretched out. They could not conceive of any one so daring as to drive through Cairo. I was doing this in ignorance of any danger. I drove along with this large mob pursuing my carriage until I reached the square.

Sentries were standing at the door of the palace. I walked up to one of them and asked for Du Chair, but all he did was to bring his bayonet down. I said, "Du Chair." I stood about three feet from the point of his bayonet. He shook his head and turned around. A great many more men of the rabble collected around me. I turned to the driver and said: "Explain to these men that the British troops are at the railway station." So he began to tell them, but they would not believe it. They said it was nonsense, and laughed at him. I looked very serious and shook my head at them. They looked at me, and it began to occur to them that it was very curious to see me out on the street. At last, one of the men more sensible than the rest, evidently with some amount of authority, made a signal with his hands to open the gates and let me in. They opened them and I went in. I walked straight up through the gardens, through the marble court yard, with marble pillars supporting the roof. My step on the pavement brought up a sentry, who presented his bayonet at me. I drew my revolver, and so had the drop on him, as you say in this country. I held it within eight inches of his nose. He was astonished. I noticed that he was standing in front of the door. I brought my pistol to the side of his face and said: "Du Chair." He grunted. The door was opened. I met the youngman standing in the room. He was only about fifteen years old. He looked up expecting I was his murderer. For three days that boy had been in hourly expectation of assassination. He had had news sent privately to him by Arabi Bey that he could not defend his life any longer; that if he could, he would save him and get him back to the British troops in security. But if things happened otherwise, he, Arabi Bey, was not responsible. This was quite enough assurance that his death warrant had been signed, and that the man to murder him had been toled off. Young Du Chair came forward and stood in the middle of the room. He supposed from the costume I wore that I was an officer. He tried to speak but could not do it. He could not bring his lips together. I took his two hands and waited for him to speak. Then I led him across the room to a seat in the window. "I am going to telegraph to your mother. I am going to tell her I have just arrived at Cairo, and that you are safe and that I am going to take you to Sir Garnet Wolseley. Have you any message to send to her?" The boy tried to speak but could not do it. I said to him, "Well never mind." I then wrote for him on a paper: "I am safe. God bless you." I asked him who had cared for him. He suddenly found his tongue and said: "Up stairs." I asked him how he got up there and how he called his attendant. In Egypt, when anybody is wanted, you clap your hands; I clapped my hands, when the sentry came in. I motioned to him to drop that objectionable bayonet, which he did. I then asked Du Chair: "Can you speak to this man?" Du Chair shook his head, signifying he could not. I asked him who those people were up stairs? Du Chair said: "The officers of the first regiment." Now, all of those men had overheard the whole of the conversation between the cabman and

the sentinels outside. I had hardly said the word when the door opened and the colonel and officers of the first regiment of Arabi's infantry came into the room. They made the same mistake that Du Chair did, thinking that I was an officer. They proceeded to make their submission to me as representative of Sir Garnet Wolseley. Having been in India for some years, and accustomed, as an official of the government, to receive complimentary submission in this way, I knew what Oriental etiquette, under such circumstances required. Accordingly, when they came forward, presenting their very handsome diamond studded swords, I did not take them, as a man might have done under the circumstances, but merely touched them with my finger and allowed them to keep them. The Egyptian colonel and officers solemnly came up one after another and surrendered themselves to the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. I turned around to them, and speaking in French, said: "I am going to start back to Sir Garnet Wolseley, and will inform him what excellent care you gentlemen have taken of this young man." These very gentlemen were going to murder him about an hour before. "Your lives," said I, "are for his, for I have all your names for Sir Garnet Wolseley, who holds you all personally responsible for this boy's life."

I went away thinking I had done more business than if I had stopped and drank champagne with the Khedive and Sir Garnet and his officers. When I got outside I found that my presence had already considerably roused the citizens. Rusha Pasha ordered two officers of the cavalry to accompany me back to the British camp. The result was that with one on one side of me another on the other, I appeared from the direction of the city with an escort of mounted officers of the Egyptian cavalry with loaded carbines. *Phil. Robinson.*

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.—*Cowper.*

THE POET'S WORKSHOP.

THE idea of a poet suggests beauty and loveliness. We read of the poet's dream, the poet's reverie, and his imaginings, until we create in our own minds an ideal picture of the poet and his surroundings. We think of him as seated with pencil in hand and in elegant *negligée*, dashing off line after line of exquisite sentiment, or historic lore in rhyme, that will live long after he has passed away, without any apparent effort, while he smiles blandly and is at peace with all mankind. There are persons who will ask one to write a poem with as much assurance as they would ask a mechanic to plane a board, but in the one case the carpenter would expect his wages, whereas the poet is expected to give his services gratis, and sometimes look upon it as a compliment to be invited to write. These are the people who have not the least idea what positive drudgery there is in being a writer. The author, or the correspondent, is expected to write when all others are out for pleasure; there is no cessation or vacation for him, it is an endless round, and if he positively refuses, why then he is looked upon as unobliging. He is invited here and there because he writes these sort of affairs up, until he gets the impression that he is never asked on his own account, but simply because he has the faculty of writing in a pleasant style. Probably the poet is expected to do more work without remuneration than any other person. "O, the rhymes will come," and "it is easy for him," and "I'm sure if I could write I wouldn't refuse." These are only one or two of the numerous comments made about poets.

But suppose we take a look into one of these dens of the poets, ordinary poets, not Tennyson or Whittier, who have

arrived at the dignity of a mansion, whose star of fortune has risen to the highest point in the horizon and is illuminated with a halo of light in which appear clusters of stars less brilliant, that reflect the light of the leading, guiding star; not one of these, but some one just trying to earn a bare subsistence by the use of the pen. Gifted he may be, but without fortune to aid him, or influential patronage to give him prestige. We are apt to think of the poet writing pastoral pieces in the midst of sunny fields, where flocks graze and sleek cattle feed among the clover in the verdant meadows, while sparkling streams of crystal waters bubble near, and merry birds warble their sweetest notes in the groves hard by. All this is very pretty, but the poet sees it in imagination *only*, most likely while he sits by his midnight lamp and pries over musty old papers and books.

Let us take a peep at a poet's work, in an attic or a basement, one whose mind soars aloft into the aerial realms of fancy, and who roams at will through the elysian fields that gild his day-dreams and makes him seem above the "common herd." In one corner is a chest or trunk half-open perhaps; you see part of a wardrobe, rolls of manuscript and letters tied with cords of every color, or scraps of faded ribbons, a bureau with the drawers all half-open and in disorder, two or three tables piled with papers in the direst confusion imaginable, but on one corner, a tea tray with soiled napkins, cup and saucer, part of a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and if we might be permitted to tell it, a raw onion, and oftener still a black bottle very significant in appearance. Late in the night when all the lights burn low, the streets and lanes are dark, and the stars keep watch in the midnight sky the poet pens his richest, most harmonious lays; or the correspondent, no longer tormented and interrupted by the calls of friends anxious to make his acquaintance or some one desirous of a notice from his able pen, begins the work so long delayed, and the cocks are crowing, and the sun tinging the eastern sky with the splendor and radiance of the new born day, ere he lays down his pen and finds rest in that dream-land where his poetic fancy has been so fondly straying. No wonder he is restless and nervous, sensitive and irritable, his mind constantly wrought to the highest pitch of extreme sensibility.

Now we have taken a look at the man who writes, let us for a moment look in upon a poet-woman; imagination almost invariably pictures to the mind's eye what the woman is who writes the kind of articles we love to read, as we sit by the cosy fireside in the winter evenings, or repeat over and over in the pensive, summer twilight. We think of her as lovely in its proudest sense, gentle, amiable and courteous to all, sweet-mannered, a lady in every respect, always becomingly dressed, and neat in appearance, dainty, even, fond of children and inclined to be devotional; almost without fault at all, and blind to the failings of others. Her home exquisite in all its arrangements, her husband, if she be so fortunate as to possess one, always proud and happy. Now let us consider the poets *we* have met, or the writers we have known. Among them are some pretty and sweet, perhaps a trifle inclined to jealousy, and not very amiable in their own homes. How can they be, they are not thinking of what to eat, or how to dress, or alas! of the husband's wardrobe; and often when they try to darn his socks they are flitting in imagination among the soft, white, fleecy clouds, and yet they are only commonplace to look at, sometimes ugly in face and feature, but then we only see the outward, the beauty is within and only makes itself manifest by soul-stirring sentences, so delightfully arranged that although written in a garret, an attic, a dirty kitchen, or a dingy basement, they light up a thousand homes, and make gladness in human hearts enough to compensate for lack of beauty in form, or feature.

Few lady writers have been beautiful, even in youth, many passingly so, but to excel in lovliness only a very few; of those who have lived recently we can

think of some who were noted for their excessive plainness. The story goes that a lady who was much given to scribbling and whose powers were the admiration of all the country round, and whose husband withal was very proud of her, was one day stoutly reproved by him for neglecting the little ones who were very noisy and troublesome. While baby, not yet a year old, lay in the cradle crying for mama, one boy had spilt the ink, slapped his sister, and another had broken the window, while the mother sat writing on and on, as if unconscious of all surroundings; at last the irate parent and husband appeared upon the scene, and in dictatorial terms protested, tossing up her papers and exciting her angry passions; finally, womanlike, she began to cry, and refused to be comforted, but amid her sobs, she managed to make him understand she had just finished a touching little poem on domestic felicity or the pleasures of home. Suffice it to say he was convinced against his will, that she appreciated her home when he perused the poem, and never afterwards was known to rebel, for she won him over to her way of thinking, and all because she was a genius. But joking aside, to have the desire, the longing to write, the intense fascination, to be able to skim through the clouds of fancy and weave a golden web of fine spun threads, of which each one is like a jewel radiantly set, is something no one ever can comprehend, save one of these same fanciful, poetical scribblers, who live in a world of their own creation, and only come down from the towering heights of fancy, when they are hungry, cold or wretched. Such is the poet's workshop, not what it really is but what it seems to him.

Amethyst.

AN AIM IN LIFE.

Do we have an aim in life? Have we ever asked ourselves that question, or have we carelessly and listlessly passed along in the stream of life following the current? It is a grave question, that requires our earnest consideration. When we peruse the biographies of great and good men and women, and learn how they attained to that standard which made them renowned, we find that they one and all, had an aim in life; they did not spring into greatness and importance at one stride, but they had a fixed purpose, an aim if you please; labored to that end and had the fortitude and perseverance to reach it.

There are, comparatively speaking, but few men and women who make history; the great majority are born, they live, they die, and that is the last we hear of them; many take but little more interest in this life and their surroundings, saying nothing about the life to come, than do the brutes. It is a hard saying but nevertheless true. If we have no more ambition about our welfare and future destiny than some manifest, we would never attain to anything of worth either here or hereafter. It requires something more than brute courage to labor diligently and persistently in spite of all earthly obstacles and failures to secure success; it requires nerve and faith, and a great deal of it.

Let us have an aim in life, and let it be high; then have the pluck and perseverance to reach it. We hold our destiny in our own hands. We have no time to spare to pass away in idleness and indolence, we must be up and doing and ever watchful to employ the time, the fast and fleeting moments, profitably. A day, an hour, or a minute wasted cannot be recalled; if we wish to make up for lost time we will have to labor all the harder and not be discouraged. In ascending the mountain to greatness and glory, we should keep a steady eye on the summit, never looking back, for should we do so, we are liable to become dizzy and lose our footing.

We expect as Latter-day Saints, when we pass from this mortal sphere, to be saved with the just, in the presence of our Heavenly Father, and we console ourselves with the idea that He is a merciful Father, which we have repeated proofs of daily, but while He is merciful, we must also remember that He is just. Our aim should be to abide His justice and love His mercy. *John A. Hellstrom.*

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL, 1883.

KEEPING JOURNALS.

THE practice of writing, either for preservation in private journals or publication in current periodicals, is one that every young Elder in the Church should be encouraged to adopt and follow throughout life. Among the earliest instructions of the Prophet Joseph Smith to missionaries, as they were about to start upon their missions, was a powerful admonition "to keep a journal." The Twelve Apostles were instructed to do so when they were first sent out, and this counsel has ever been enjoined upon missionaries and other official representatives of the Church for more than fifty years.

The object is to gather information and put upon record the dealings of God with His children as they are observed in the ministrations of His servants in these latter days. The great advantage to an Elder in keeping a journal of his travels and ministry is apparent, when we consider the opportunities he has to see the interesting places and persons of the world, to meet the various classes of society and observe the customs which distinguish them, to ruminate about the scenes of historical value and gaze upon the curious collections which scientific studies and research have contributed for the information and education of our race. As in all after life allusions to these will appear in the press and in conversation with intelligent people, knowledge of them to a greater or less extent should form part of our education. We only engage in gathering this kind of intelligence, when upon missions, incidentally. It is not the main purpose of our pilgrimage to foreign countries, but the purpose that takes us abroad gives us the opportunity to collect a useful fund of information upon all these things, while not lessening our usefulness in preaching the word and administering the ordinances of the Gospel.

Another very excellent reason why a journal should be kept by every Elder is that they may have, for convenient reference, lists of all the people they meet and become acquainted with. This is of peculiar value to us, from the fact that the Saints whom we labor among abroad are continually gathering to Zion, and we expect to meet them all again sometime; but unless we record their names and occasionally look over the history of our dealings with them, in most instances, not only the history but the names will pass from memory and leave us in that estranged condition which causes us to meet dear friends and brethren, who have ministered to our comfort when we were far from home, as strangers. There are of course exceptional instances where Elders have such excellent recollection of names and faces that they never forget, but these are far from common. We have observed and heard of many occasions where the failure to recognize the immigrating Saints, who were well known in foreign lands, has caused them bitter disappointment and pain. This would be avoided in a very great degree if journals were carefully kept and occasionally, in after years, read over to "stir up our minds by way of remembrance."

In regard to what should go into a missionary's journal, there ever will be great difference of opinion. The journal, if it is faithfully kept, will be the best biography of the man who keeps it that could be written. It is sure to contain characteristic sentiments enough to afford a perfect index, at least, to the character of the writer. Thus the daily journals of President George A. Smith and Wilford Woodruff are altogether superior to any kind of "Life" or "Biography" that could be written of them. But some-

times young Elders fall into a habit of recording unimportant matters in their journals. We recollect seeing a journal in which the following entry was regularly made every day for five years: "I arose this morning and ate my breakfast, after which I"—then followed an account of the day's labors. That sentence repeated so often, if compiled, would fill a volume of itself, and was entirely unnecessary, as the presence of anything else, whatever, upon the page would indicate all that it tells. Many journals are merely railway time cards and distance tables, reiterating what every guide book contains. So far as this disposition to record time and distances relates to the personal travels of the writer, it is a good feature of his journal. It becomes quite an interesting summary to foot up the miles traveled while upon a mission or for a given number of years. But we consider that next to the faithful record of actual missionary labors, the journals of young Elders ought to be filled up with their intelligent observations of the people, scenes and objects of natural and artificial wonder which they encounter. Suppose the journals of our missionaries contained this class of matter, if they were compiled, they would form an encyclopedia of rare utility and interest. As they are kept, no doubt, the curious would be entertained for months in their perusal.

The habit of writing in a journal grows upon one and becomes a source of much pleasure. We have sometimes heard smokers of tobacco give as a reason—no man *can* give an intelligent reason for smoking—for indulging in the habit, "that his pipe had become a companion with which he communed and it became a great solace and comfort to him in that capacity." Now while we cannot say much for the company such an one keeps—a hot, stinking, murky, puffing thing, both offensive and injurious—the idea of companionship which the settled habit suggests is true, and carried in another direction is very delightful, particularly in the direction of a daily journal. We are acquainted with a distinguished official of the Church, who enjoys his daily communion with his journal with all the pleasure and none of the injury that the smoker does with his pipe.

The journal may become in addition to a charming companion—if it is a charming journal—a silent monitor, a guide, a friend to succor and to save. President Woodruff once remarked in this connection, that, "So long as you keep your daily journal and write down the things you do, there is not much danger of your doing much that is wrong." How true to the mark this observation strikes us. Go! look over your lives, and in nearly every case the mistakes, the wrong doing, the blots, will be found wanting in that period which was recorded in your journals.

From this practice of reviewing the events of each day, the memory becomes strong, particularly in its grasp of names and dates, and the habit of keeping things in order and of pursuing with method whatever occupies our time will naturally ensue. This bears a rich reward in the increased power to do; for by method one may accomplish twofold, perhaps ten-fold what the erratic worker can possibly find time to do.

Many are the reasons that might be named for urging missionaries to keep journals, but at home they will say they do not apply. It becomes insufferably irksome to chronicle the every day humdrum affairs of routine home life! Let us consider a moment what might legitimately go into a home journal that will be of interest. Firstly, the morality of the habit of writing down our acts; then the benefit to the mind in reviewing them at the close of each day, and the pleasure of a confidential companion. These ought to be sufficient, but to make the matter worth recording, if we do not find it in "arising in the morning" and in "eating breakfast," perhaps if we will take into consideration the natural objects of interest about us, as of animal life, scenery, the people we meet, etc., we may find some entertainment and possibly develop rare powers of observation that will lead to special studies and enable us to do something in the in-

terest of science or art that will be worth the labor, and do good to our fellow men.

The advantage of a journal to one who writes for publication is hardly to be calculated. It not only supplies him with data, but it cultivates the art he has chosen, and is a wonderful help to him when the labor of writing is required but the spirit to write is dormant. His journal then is a treasury from which he may draw in the hour of need. There are journals written in youth that have been, to some of the world's greatest writers, the source of information, and their mainstay and principal helper in advanced years. So may we all find our journals, if we keep them faithfully now, and write down in truth the things we learn and do to-day.

UTAH STATISTICS—CENSUS OF 1880.

Of the children born in Utah, who had left the Territory, there were at the time of the taking of the last census—

In the States,	4,501
In the Territories,	5,913
Total,	10,414

There were in—

Idaho,	3,205	Iowa,	394
Arizona,	1,338	Colorado,	241
Nevada,	800	Nebraska,	208
California,	1,131	New York,	260
Wyoming,	451	Washington T.,	234
Montana,	554		

The remainder of the States and Territories had each less than two hundred Utah born people within their borders.

Of the native born residents of Utah who first saw the light in other parts of the Union the following contributed the largest numbers—

New York,	2,715	Missouri,	1,224
Illinois,	2,230	Ohio,	793
Pennsylvania,	1,628	Massachusetts,	645
Iowa,	1,602	California,	607

All the remainder of the States and Territories less than five hundred each, down to Florida, which supplied only fourteen, and Dakota ten, Washington Territory seven, and Indian Territory five.

Of the foreign born population the following countries supplied the greatest number—

England,	19,654	Ireland,	1,321
Denmark,	7,791	Switzerland,	1,040
Sweden,	3,750	Norway,	1,214
Scotland,	3,291	British America,	1,036
Wales,	2,390		

All the rest of the various nations (and Utah has within her borders representatives from almost every nation under heaven) have less than one thousand.

Of the population of Utah one quarter are under eight years old, one third under eleven and one half under seventeen. Utah has more children under five years old, in proportion to its population than any other division of the country, but Arkansas is very nearly abreast of her; for Utah has seventeen hundred and seventy-six children under five years old in every ten thousand, while Arkansas has seventeen hundred and seventy-five in the same number. When we reach ten years, Utah looses her supremacy. At this point the number in one thousand souls is—

Arkansas,	337	Alabama,	325
Mississippi,	333	Utah,	324
Texas,	331	Georgia,	319

The whole of the United States, 267.

Per contra we will take some of the States where the proportion is below the average—

New York,	216	Massachusetts,	196
Vermont,	205	Colorado,	185

Utah's total population was—

Males,	74,509
Females,	69,454
	143,963

School age, five to seventeen, both inclusive—

Males,	24,468
Females,	23,595
	48,063

Military age, eighteen to forty-four, both inclusive—

Males, 26,480

Civilized Indians in Utah—

In 1860, 89 In 1870, 179 In 1880, 807

Of the total population there were—

Under 1 year, 5,591	Under 8 years, 38,715
Under 2 years, 10,560	Under 12 years, 54,234
Under 5 years, 25,591	Under 20 years, 79,355

Total males over twenty-one years, 32,773.

Total native population,	99,969
Total foreign population,	43,994
	143,963

Number of persons to the square mile—

Year.	*Utah.*	*United States.*
1850	0.05	7.93
1860	0.18	10.83
1870	1.06	13.30
1880	1.75	17.25

Number of persons in a dwelling—

Year.	*Utah.*	*United States.*
1870	4.75	5.47
1880	5.39	5.60

Number of persons to a family—

Year.	*Utah.*	*United States.*
1850	4.90	5.56
1860	4.96	5.28
1870	5.04	5.09
1880	5.07	5.04

Number of families and dwellings in Utah—

Year.	*Dwellings.*	*Families.*
1850	2,322	2,322
1860	10,763	9,509
1870	18,290	17,210
1880	26,710	28,373

Total assessed valuation of property in Utah, 1880—

Real estate,	$14,779,344
Personal property,	9,995,935
	$24,775,279

The percentage of "bread winners" or those engaged in gainful occupations is smallest in Utah and West Virginia of the whole nation, or only 28 per cent. It is largest in Arizona (55) and Montana (57). The vast number of young children in Utah may be accepted as one of the causes of this small percentage, and the general prosperity of its citizens as another.

The persons engaged in all kinds of occupations in Utah are classified according to their nationality as follows—

Natives of the United States,	20,903
Great Britain,	11,915
Scandinavia,	2,137
British America,	857
Germany,	554
Ireland,	515
Other countries,	3,184

The year 1880 was an unfortunate one for Utah so far as statistics for mortality are concerned, as an epidemic of diphtheria prevailed, which made her general mortality very heavy as compared with other seasons. The causes of death during the year were—

Measles,	24
Scarlet fever,	25
Whooping cough,	17
Enteric fever,	55
Consumption,	69
Diphtheria,	749
Diarrhœal diseases,	121
Diseases of the nervous system,	185
Diseases of the respiratory system,	457
Diseases of the digestive system,	71

Taking the average of the deaths of children in a dozen States and Territories at random we find the rate of mortality was greater than Utah in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New York, and less in Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Louisiana, Nebraska, Nevada, Texas and Indiana.

The statistics of illiteracy show—

		Utah. pr.ct.	*U.S.pr.ct.*
Persons of 10 years and upwards who cannot read,	4,851	5.0	13.4
Persons of 10 years and upwards who cannot write,	8,826	9.1	17.0
Whites of 10 years and upwards who cannot write,	8,137	8.5	9.4
Native whites 10 years and upwards who cannot write,	3,183	5.9	8.7
Foreign whites 10 years and upwards who cannot write,	4,954	11.8	12.0
Whites, 10 to 14 inclusive, who cannot write,	1,904	10.7	11.9
Whites, 10 to 14 inclusive, who cannot write, males,	1,072	11.9	13.0
Whites, 10 to 14 inclusive, who cannot write, females,	832	9.5	10.7
Whites, 15 to 20 inclusive, who cannot write,	848	4.9	7.2
Whites, 15 to 20 inclusive, who cannot write, males,	498	5.8	7.8

Whites, 15 to 20 inclusive, who cannot write, females,	350	3.9	6.7
Whites, 21 and upwards, who cannot write,	5,385	8.9	9.4

Thus we find that the average illiteracy in Utah amongst persons of all ages is less than the average of the country as a whole, and the disproportion would be much greater were the colored citizens of the United States taken into account. The percentage of lunatics, idiots, paupers and criminals is also much lower than that of the average of the whole country.

The public debt of Utah is stated in the Census returns as below—

Territorial debt,	$ 9,120
County debt,	15,132
City and town debt,	91,999
Total,	$116,251

For the sake of comparison we annex the total debts of some of the surrounding Territories—to wit—

Arizona,	$377,501	Montana,	$759,925
Dakota,	998,860	Wyoming,	205,462
Idaho,	235,319		

Geo. Reynolds.

PRINCE KRAPOTKINE.

THAT these prosaic days are not wholly without their thrilling romances and hairbreadth escapes, is shown by the remarkable career of Prince Krapotkine, the Russian Nihilist, who now lies in prison at Lyons, France, having been recently condemned to five years imprisonment as an anarchist.

Russia has produced, in this generation, few men more learned, more eloquent, or more accomplished than this man of princely rank, doomed to solitary confinement in a foreign country. Prince Krapotkine traces his descent from Rurick, the first ruler of Russia; and claims, indeed, that he has a better claim to the Russian throne than the reigning Czar himself.

Belonging to a family not only noble, but very rich, he early manifested a craving for knowledge, and in his youth devoted himself to scientific studies. He became, while yet a young man, a noted geologist, geographer and traveler; and wrote several scientific works on subjects of physical science, which won for him a wide reputation.

Outraged by the despotism of the Russian rulers, Prince Krapotkine, in spite of his wealth and his fame as a man of science, about ten years ago joined the revolutionary society of the Nihilists, devoted to the destruction of the Empire, and from that time he became one of its most active and energetic members. Besides being learned, he is an orator of a high order. His bold and vehement eloquence, electrifying those who heard him, rapidly made converts wherever he went. At last, however, he was hunted down by the Czar's police. He was arrested and thrown into the dungeons of the fortress of Peter and Paul, at St. Petersburg. These dungeons, gloomy to the last degree, extend beneath the ice-cold river Neva. No ray of light from heaven relieves their darkness. No wonder that the prisoner was attacked by deadly illness, and had to be removed to the Nicholas hospital, near by.

As the prince gradually recovered his strength in the hospital, he began to plan his escape. By some means, he managed to communicate with his Nihilist friends outside. Having received permission to walk three times a week in the hospital yard, he one day observed a cart, laden with wood, enter by a gateway. This gave him a hint of a method of escape.

He contrived to convey a message to the Nihilists, asking them to have a carriage, with a swift span of horses, stationed on the outside, near the gate, every day from noon till four o'clock.

One day a wood-cart again passed through the gate, which was left open and unguarded. Krapotkine did not lose an instant. Throwing off his prison coat, he darted through the gate, hotly pursued by the guard who always closely watched him in his walks. The carriage was waiting outside, as it had been every day for four months. He leaped into it, unhit by the balls of the rifles, and pushed aside one of the guards, who reached him just as he was getting in.

The carriage drove off at lightning speed, and within two days the prince was safe in Switzerland.

Ever since his daring escape, until his trial and conviction at Lyons a few weeks ago, Prince Krapotkine has been living in Switzerland, busily involved in the plots of the Nihilists, and in close co-operation with the revolutionists of Germany, France, and other countries. There can be no doubt of his sincerity; since he chose to give up rank, fortune, position, scientific fame, and even liberty, in adopting what he regards as the cause of oppressed peoples; and his history shows us how despotic the Russian political system must be, to drive men of the learning, eloquence and courage of Prince Krapotkine into the ranks of conspiracy and revolution.—*Selected.*

WOMAN *vs.* LADY—At an Irish meeting lately held in Dublin for establishing a technical training school, quite a dispute arose as to whether it should be called the Women's Institute or the Ladies' Institute. Rev. Professor Houghton was decidedly in favor of "Women's," and said when he was in America the chambermaid at Niagara called herself a "lady," and not long after stole his silk muffler. We do not know that the time will ever come when every American woman will be called a "lady," but we doubt whether a more beautiful and interesting woman has ever lived than Eve, and she was content to be called a woman, and her husband was as well pleased with the designation as she was. Besides all this, God said: "She shall be called Woman." What sense there is in the universal substitution of "ladies" for "women," is one of the things we do not comprehend.

Truth gives wings to strength.

ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

NOTICE.

The Tenth Semi-Annual Conference of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations will be held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, Monday, April 9th. Meetings at 10 a. m., 2 p. m., and 7 p. m. The Stake Superintendents are expected to be present. Stake Secretaries are urgently requested to forward to the General Secretary their annual reports, to arrive not later than April 6th, and as much sooner as possible.

All officers and members of Associations and of the Young Ladies Associations and the public generally are invited to be present at this conference.

QUARTERLY CONFERENCE—EMERY.

The first conference of the Y. M. M. I. Associations of the Emery Stake, was held at Huntington, Saturday evening, March 3, 1883.

Present of the Twelve Apostles F. M. Lyman, of the General Superintendency, Assistant Junius F. Wells; of the Presidency of the Stake, C. G. Larson and Counselors, and several of the Bishops and their Counselors. Superintendent Samuel R. Jewkes and Counselors, and several of the Presidents of the Associations and other officers were present.

Meeting called to order by Superintendent Samuel R. Jewkes. Singing by Huntington choir. Prayer by John Donaldson. Singing by Orangeville choir. The roll call showed that there was a representation from each Association in the Stake.

J. F. Wells presented the General Officers who were unanimously sustained, also the following Stake Officers: Samuel R. Jewkes, Superintendent; John Donaldson and John F. Wakefield, Counselors; Christian G. Larson, Jr., Secretary. Bro. Wells then spoke for a considerable length of time upon subjects of interest to the Associations.

Supt. Jewkes was the next speaker, he said he felt encouraged with the interest which had been taken by the Associations in this Stake. He wished to

do his duty in the position he was called to fill, asking God to help him.

The following report was then read by the Secretary: Associations, 4; members, 167; average attendance, 78; meetings, 68; reading, 4774 chapters; testimonies borne, 89; questions answered, 105; visitors sent, 39; visitors received, 42; visits of General and County Officers, 29. Greatest total of chapters read by one Association (Castle Dale), 1974.

After the report was read, Apostle F. M. Lyman spoke, and gave excellent council and instruction to both old and young.

Singing by the Huntington choir. The conference adjourned for three months, to be held at Orangeville. Benediction by J. F. Wakefield.

C. G. Larson, Jr.,
Secretary.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Life of Nephi, by President George Q. Cannon, the ninth book of the Faith Promoting Series, is a very delightful little volume. It contains, however, more matter than any of its predecessors, and is quite as entertaining. Not only by the author's avowal, in the preface do we learn of his admiration, of the character and work of Nephi; in his public discourses, for a period of many years and in private conversation, it has been observed by many that Nephi, to him, was a name which carried great interest. It is a matter of congratulation that we have this volume as a result of the study of Nephi, to which President Cannon has devoted so much time and an excceedingly clear comprehension. The book will be read by thousands and cannot fail, from the absorbing interest of the matter and the agreeable literary style of the writer, to give them great pleasure and to create a desire for other similar works to follow "The Life of Nephi" in as rapid succession as possible.

The Farmers' and Miners' Manual by Charles W. Stayner.—A pamphlet of twenty pages, contains valuable information in relation to Homestead, Preemption and Desert Land entries, the titles of coal and mineral lands, etc. Its aim is to supply the farmer or miner with exact information upon these subjects. Price 25 cents, at Stayner & Simmons' Land Agency and Law office.

Self-Sustaining to the End.—The Duchess of Galliera, not long ago, presented to the pope the usufruct of two extensive Italian estates, which leads an exchange to tell how she obtained her great fortune. The late duke, her husband, possessed a fortune of about sixty million dollars, and had an only son, who, as a boy, was free from all the so-called "noble passions." When scarcely twenty, the young nobleman retired to the neighborhood of Nice, applied for the post of schoolmaster in a small village, and obtained it. His father allowed him yearly from sixty to eighty thousand dollars; but the young man sent all the money to Paris, where it was divided as an anonymous gift among the poor. The noble teacher lived absolutely and entirely on his salary, and discharged his duties most conscientiously. After three years of work, the French Ministry of Instruction named him, "Officer de l'Académie." The young noble declined the honor in a very polite letter, declaring that it had never been heard that a schoolmaster had merited so high a distinction after three years' work, and that as he sould see in it only respect for his name, he was unable to accept it, being resolved to owe everything to himself. A few years ago his father died, and the whole of his colossal fortune descended to the son. The young duke went at once to Paris, drew up a will naming his mother as heiress to all his immense wealth, and a second deed conferring upon her during lifetime the free and absolute administration of the Galliera property. After these formalities, he returned to his village, and, as before, applied himself to teaching the A, B, C. The dowager duchess, probably the richest lady in the world, has lately established a large hospital in which the care of the sick is entrusted to a religious order.

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At Yard,	*"*	*5.00*
Delivered,	*"*	*5.50*

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At Yard,	*"*	*5.25*
Delivered,	*"*	*6 00*

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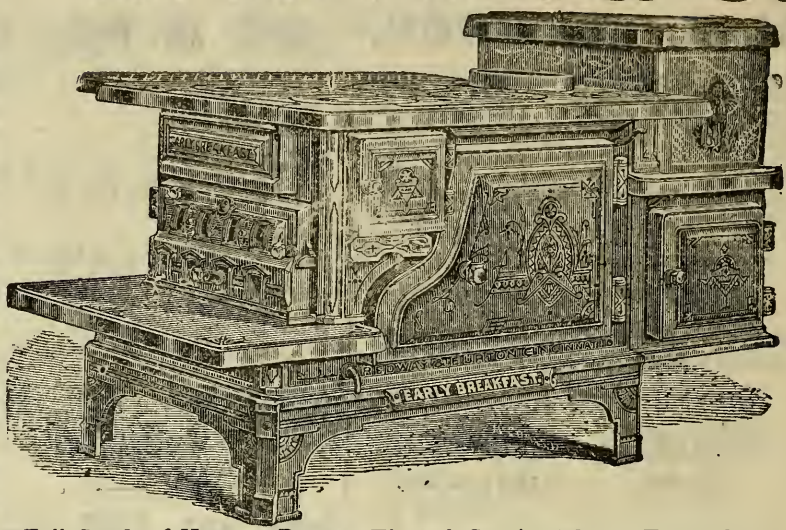

Present an Unbroken Record of Success.

Full Stock of Heaters, Ranges, Tin and Granite Ware. Extras for Everlasting and Target Stoves.

P. W. MADSEN & CO.,

50 MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE HOOPER AND ELDREDGE BLOCK.

All kinds of Furniture and Upholstered Goods. P. W. MADSEN, 40 Main Street

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F. AUERBACH & BRO.,

124 & 126 EAST TEMPLE STREET,

Are Receiving their Large and **WELL SELECTED STOCK** —OF— **Fall & Winter Goods.**

CONSISTING OF **Fancy & Staple Dry Goods,** Brocaded Velvets, Silks, Satins and Cassimeres. **Mostly our own Importations.**

HOSIERY, CORSETS, LACES, NECKWEAR, **LATEST DESIGNS.** —AND AT— **Reasonable Prices.**

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes and Slippers.

GENT'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES OF BEST QUALITY.

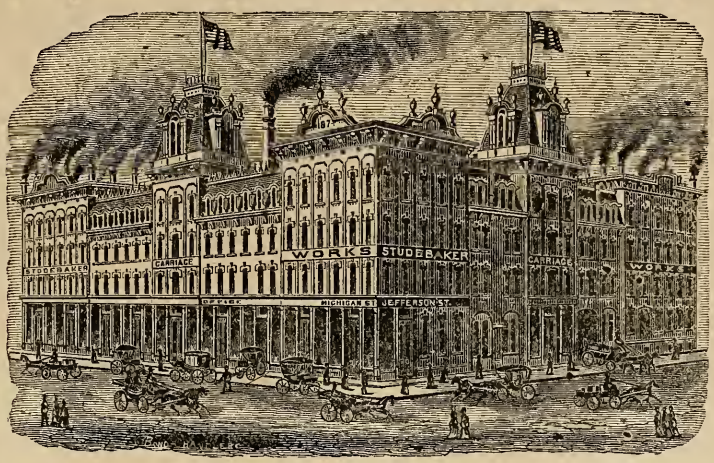
Ladies', Misses' and Children's DOLMANS, CLOAKS & ULSTERS, OF LATEST STYLES.

OUR CARPET DEPARTMENT *Is Complete in Every Line.*

MILLINERY in all its Branches, *Newest Designs and Styles.*

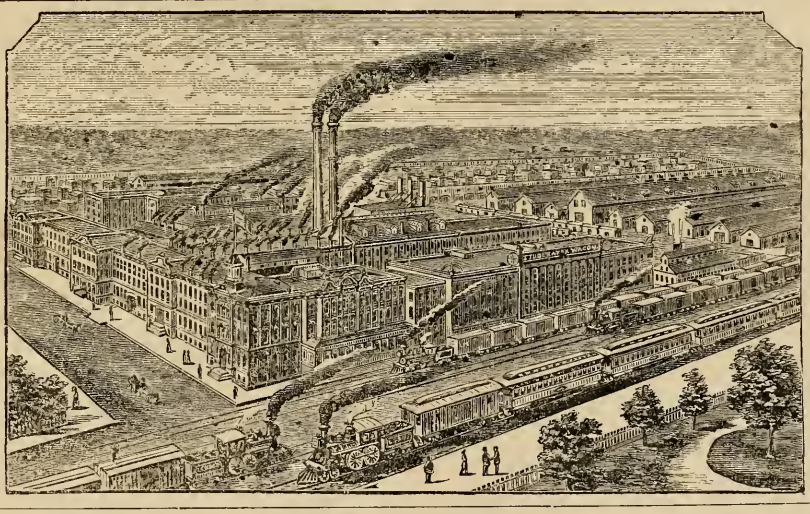
STUDEBAKER'S.

We make a Specialty of



Fine Carriages and Buggies.

Our Carriage Works are one mile distant from our Wagon Works, and are under the Special Management of Mr. J. F. Studebaker.



The force employed is 1200 men.

The Works are four stories in height.

The floorage surface is twenty acres.

The Works are lighted by fifty-eight electric lamps.

The buildings, lumber sheds, yards, etc., cover eighty acres.

The lumber used is seasoned from three to five years before being worked.

To carefully note the operation of each branch of the work would require a week's time.

The production of Wagons and Carriages for 1882 was the largest ever turned out by a single firm in the history of the world, nearly 30,000 vehicles.

President:
W. H. HOOPER.
Vice-Prest. and Superintendent:
WM. JENNINGS.
Secretary and Treasurer:
T. G. WEBBER.

Branch Houses at
OGDEN, WEBER CO., UTAH.
LOGAN, CACHE CO., UTAH.
SODA SPRINGS, IDAHO.

Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

SALT LAKE CITY.

Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution.

ORGANIZED OCTOBER 16th, 1868.

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE,

Pure Drugs and Medicines,

TOOLS AND IMPLEMENTS,

Paper Hangings, Newest Designs

STATIONERY AND SCHOOL BOOKS,

DUCK SUITS,

OVERCOATS AND OVERALLS,

HATS AND CAPS,

Leather and Findings,

Rubber Goods,

Tinware and Stamped Ware,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

CROCKERY and GLASSWARE,

HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Stoves, Grates and Ranges,

Clothing and Furnishing Goods,

CARPETS

AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS

In all Qualities and of Latest Styles.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

Co-operative Stores and the General Public are invited to select their purchases from our choice and carefully selected stock.